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A GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF THE WAR



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A GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF THE WAR

BY

STEPHEN PAGET

"GENTLEMEN, I TELL YOU, SOLEMNLY, THAT THE DAY IS COMING WHEN THE SOLDIERS OF ENGLAND MUST BE HER TUTORS; AND THE CAPTAINS OF HER ARMY, CAPTAINS ALSO OF HER MIND."—*RUSKIN: ADDRESS AT THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH, DEC. 1865*

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TO THE EDITOR OF "PUNCH"

DEAR SIR OWEN SEAMAN—Thank you for letting me dedicate these essays to you. I wish that I had words to tell you how grateful all of us are for all that you and your colleagues are doing for us in these grave times. You are set, like the Fool in King Lear, at the heart of the tragedy, to quicken it with laughter and bitterness and loyalty. It is grand work that you do for us who only watch the days and nights here : grander still, the work that you do for our men on active service, and for our wounded. Of all the ways by which artists and men of letters now are helping the country, none goes straighter up to Heaven than yours. I am only saying what everybody is saying. Believe me, yours truly, STEPHEN PAGET.

November 1915.

M. M. K. G.

PREFACE

It is a great honour to a man in England, that a book of his should find its way to India, and should be of any use to Indian students. When we over here think of the help which India has given to us in the War, and of the spirit in which that help was given, we are glad and thankful. Nothing, in the terrible first year of the War, is more dear to us than the coming of the Indian troops to Marseilles. The memory of it will not die with us : it will live, in our history, from generation to generation.

This book was written in 1915, not for elderly people, but for young readers. I wanted to enable them to see for themselves the causes which drew the nations into the War, and the differences of character between one nation and another : how each nation has its own traditions, thoughts and ways, its own hopes and fears, its own virtues and faults. And

I wanted, above all, to make them see that the Allies are fighting on the side of justice and of righteousness.

Many changes have come in the War, during the past two years ; and we cannot, even now, see the end of them. But nothing has happened, nor ever will happen, to throw the very least shadow of doubt on the goodness of our cause.

LONDON, *November 1917.*

CONTENTS

	PAGE
1. YOUR WAR	I
2. A VENTURE OF FAITH	13
3. THE INVASION OF BELGIUM	32
4. FRANCE	53
5. RUSSIA	70
6. ITALY	93
7. GERMANY	123
8. AUSTRIA : THE BALKAN STATES : TURKEY	143
9. LOOKING BACK	178

*David Buchanan Keag: -
College Row & Calcutta*

I

YOUR WAR

IN these grave times, it is hard on a man to be ill. The doctors tell him that he must go away from home, leave what he is doing, or he will not get well. They set their kind hearts, and their strong wills, on his recovery. So he goes to one of the most delightful places in the world, and all the beauty of its hills and moors is displayed to him: and all the time he is aware of the burden of pain and death, terror and mourning, which is in every hour of the War. Even the beauty of the place gets on his nerves: he finds it vulgar and insolent of Nature to be flaunting all the colours of the rainbow, when so many of us are in black. He would like to tell her that she never thinks; that she has no feelings; that she could not behave like that, if she had. What shall he do, that he may not be useless, now that all wilful uselessness is a form of madness? He starts to write something about the War. It would be absurd for him to write for grown-up

people : it would be worse than absurd for him to pretend that he could describe the course of the War. But he ventures to write something for boys and girls only. It may put some of them on the way to study the War as they ought, in books written with authority, such as Buchan's History of the War. That is his one hope and excuse, that he may be of some use, in the schoolroom, as a change from set and ordered lessons. Bits of him may even be useful in the nursery. That is a fine hope, and a sufficient excuse, for any man, ill or well.

Buchan's History of the War—buy it and keep it by you, and let nothing stand between you and the careful reading of it : work it up into the fabric of your mind. And, in all your study of the War, make this your first and foremost thought, that the War is for you. It is you who will enjoy the new order of things, when the War is done. Your countrymen are giving their lives for their country : it is your country, and in it you will pass your life. Our dead have died for you. They died in the defence of a good cause, that they might leave this world better than they found it : it is you who will find this world better than they found it. You will live in Peace, because they died in War : you will go safe and free, because they went under discipline, and into danger, up to the moment of their death. You will have a good time, because they suffered. To you, who gain by their loss, and whose life is made

comfortable by their lives laid down, comes the question, from countless little wooden crosses over graves in France and Belgium and Gallipoli, and from all the unmarked graves of the sea, *Is it nothing to you?* Why, the War is your War. You will enter into all that it achieves, and inherit all that it earns; and the miseries of it will be the making of your happiness. There are many good reasons why a man should fight for his country; but they come to this one reason, that he is fighting for the future of his country. And you are the future. We older people so soon will be gone: you will stay here, you for whom your countrymen today are in the toils of this War. You are the future, we are the past. We have lived in a world which you never saw; and you will live in a world which we shall never see.

Fifty years ago we were living in what you now call the Victorian age. It is the fashion to make fun of that age: but you must not heed the laughter of fools. We had men of science, statesmen, poets, authors, clerics, doctors, lawyers, actors, as good as you have now, or better. Take only these three names, Darwin, Newman, Ruskin. What names have you now, equal to these? In music, painting, and sculpture, we were commonplace, but we were sane; and that is more than can be said for some of your music and your pictures: besides, we had some young artists who were not in any way commonplace.

As for our great statesmen and our great poets, you might be glad of them now. But our home life would seem rather dull to you ; as it often did to us. You would not enjoy our Sundays : but do you enjoy your own ? On week-days you would have fewer pleasures, less rushing about : but would not this leisure be good for you ? You would have less athletics, less attention given to your bodily fitness : we did not—those of us who were girls in London schoolrooms—get enough exercise : but we lived in days not cursed with the worship of big football-matches, and you may envy us for that. You have your advantages, we had ours : and, on the whole, ours were as good as yours, if not better. Fools, and they only, are content to say that our world was narrow and sanctimonious and stupid—our world, which was shaken by great controversies in politics and science and faith, and had in it not only Darwin, Newman and Ruskin, but Gladstone and Carlyle and Browning and Tennyson and Thackeray and Dickens and Rossetti and George Eliot and Huxley : and these are only samples of what our world had in it. Stupid, indeed ! It is you, not we, who ought to be pitied.

Among fifty years of memories, from then to now, some chief events stand out, in the light of the present War.

First, the War of 1870, between France and Germany. In less than six weeks the fate of France

was decided. It was at the end of July that war was declared : and it was on September 2 that the Emperor of the French surrendered himself and his army at Sedan. Then came the siege and the surrender of Metz, and the long-drawn siege of Paris. On January 18, 1871, the King of Prussia, at Versailles, was proclaimed German Emperor : in the first week of March the Germans entered Paris. By the terms of peace, France was compelled to give up Alsace and Lorraine to Germany, and to pay a huge indemnity : then, to complete her suffering, came the outburst of the fury of the mob in Paris, the Commune. Alsace and Lorraine were put under German rule, and were administered in accordance with German ideas. From then to now, France has been longing to win back her lost provinces. In Paris, on the Place de la Concorde, there is the famous statue representing Strasbourg, the chief city of Alsace. Ever since 1870, mourning wreaths and black veils have been put about the statue, that all the world may see how France is still in mourning for Alsace and Lorraine, still faithful to them : and at the feet of Strasbourg are the words, *Qui Vive ? France Quand Même.*

Our country, in that War, remained neutral. The men of 1870 are dead and gone ; their names remain : above all, the name of Bismarck. He founded the German Empire. He, more than any man, brought about the War, knowing that Germany would win.

Four men come to be remembered here. One is the King of Prussia, a hard-working, shrewd, pious old gentleman—King of Prussia before the War, German Emperor after it. Another is Bismarck, the “man of blood and iron”: another is Moltke, the famous general, a lean, silent, thin-lipped man, with a face like Death itself: another is the Crown Prince Frederick, the husband of our Princess Royal, Queen Victoria’s eldest daughter.

The memory of the Crown Prince calls up the memory of Queen Victoria’s Jubilee, on June 21, 1887. She lived to keep her second Jubilee, ten years later: but her first Jubilee was in some ways the more wonderful of the two. For there had been a time in our country, not of downright disloyalty to her, but of a rather sore feeling that she, in her long widowhood, had withdrawn herself too far from her people: we were loyal to her, but we desired to see more of her. Then came the day when fifty years of her reign were accomplished. And, as it were in a moment, down went the barrier between her and us: and London—who that saw it can ever forget it?—proclaimed the love of her people toward her, and gave thanks with her to God, for the work which she had done. In the magnificent procession to Westminster Abbey, the Crown Prince, in his white uniform, was a grand figure, so handsome, and of such dignity. A few weeks later came the news that he was ill, that he would not live long. He

did just live to succeed his father : he was German Emperor for a few months of pain and weariness and waiting for death. There is no saying how much we lost when we lost him. For, though he was a great soldier, he loved Peace, all the days of his life. "*I hate War*," he said, to an Englishman, in 1881 : said it with a hard emphasis on the words. All Englishmen admired him. We trusted in him to help to keep the peace of Europe. And we had to read in the newspapers, day after day, of the flickering-out of his strength, till, on June 15, 1888, there was an end of his suffering, and his son, the present Emperor, succeeded him. The best hope for Germany was buried with him. And, if you want to measure the change for the worse, which has come over the German people since he died, you can measure it by their silence over his name.

Next comes the memory of the South African War, and of the death of Queen Victoria. That War began in 1899, and lasted, slowly dragging on, till 1902. It did not gain much glory for us ; the world did not see anything very splendid in a great nation fighting a small nation. The War had to be : the Boers were making life well-nigh intolerable for English people in South Africa. But there was this disheartening fact, that some of our rich folk had made their fortunes out of South African mines : and bitter things were said about "the millionaires' war." And the unexpected skill and courage and ingenuity

of the Boers, and the fine quality of their fighting, were admirable. They had their successes, this little nation : there was that week of reverses, which we called the Black Week, in December, 1899. Slowly, under Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, the War was ended. Peace was signed at Vereeniging, on May 31, 1902. But the South African War taught us to understand the enemy, and them to understand us : and out of a good understanding came friendship, and at last the reward of it all, the Union of South Africa. The outcome of the War was not a mere sullen leaving-off, but the bringing together of the Boers and us in one and the same loyalty to the British Empire.

It was in the course of the South African War that Queen Victoria died. Many of us remember, when we were anxious and unhappy over the War, how she had driven about London, looking very old and feeble, and seeming as if she wanted us to see that she, like us, was unhappy. On January 2, 1901, Lord Roberts, on his return from the War, had audience with her, and received from her the Order of the Garter : and they say that he could not restrain his tears, to see her so near the end of her life. She died on January 22, 1901. Her body was brought from Osborne, through London, to Windsor. It was a grey, still day ; London in winter, London in mourning. The long funeral procession stretched from Victoria Station, past the

Palace and through the Mall and up St. James's, to Devonshire House. The coffin was not in a hearse, but on a gun-carriage, and was covered with flags, and on them were laid her crown and her sceptres, so that it was a blaze of bright colours: her people were in black, but she had put off her mourning. Behind the coffin rode King Edward, having on the right hand his nephew, the German Emperor, and on the left hand his brother, the Duke of Connaught. The Emperor rode bolt-upright, impassive, statuesque, precise, as if he knew that all London was looking at him: the King rode heavily, as if he were lost in thought and hardly noticed whether any of us were looking at him. We were in the presence of our new King. For sixty-three years Queen Victoria had reigned: it was the end of an age: the old order passed when she died.

Within ten years the Empire was in mourning again, for the death of King Edward, on May 6, 1910. He died at the height of the long controversy over the setting up of Home Rule in Ireland, and the pulling down of the ancient authority of the House of Lords. In the few years of his reign, he had shown himself a lover of Peace, and of his people. Especially, he had helped to bring about the friendship of our country with France and with Russia. It was during his reign, also, that Japan was at war, first with China, then with Russia. In both these Wars, Japan was victorious; and all Europe stood

amazed at the swift and sure rise of the Japanese to their place among the great military powers of the world. In 1902, and again in 1905, our Government, under King Edward, entered into alliance with Japan. Thus, he drew together our country, France, Russia, and Japan, against the coming of the present War.

It is not the fashion to measure history by kings and queens. We try to measure it by nations, by their rising and falling, and their clashing one with another. Kings and queens, we say, are only men and women, after all : we ought to set our thoughts not on them, but on their peoples. And it is certain that we may know the exact dates and order of the kings and queens of England, yet know nothing of the history of the English people. But which of us can weigh a nation in the balance, or add-up the sum of the forces that make it what it is ? Besides, though kings and queens are only men and women—and they do not need us to tell them that—yet in them, by their consecration, the life of their people is represented *in excelsis* : and of all wrong ways of thinking, none is more contemptible than disloyalty. Of our present King and Queen, we know that every year deepens our gratitude to them. Heaven keep them in its service many years, as they are now, hard at work for us. Loyalty grows with age : it is easy enough, so soon as one can sing anything, to sing God Save the King : but the longer we live, the better we understand what we are singing : till, at last, the

clumsy tune and the bad rhymes are dearer and more precious to us than better music and better poetry. So that you may come across commonplace elderly people, who would listen to a hundred musicians and read a hundred poets, and not turn a hair, yet at the first notes of God Save the King you see them praying, and hardly able to keep from crying. Oh, sentiment, and the emotional temperament, and the reflex action of the lachrymal glands ! But we must not care a fiddlestick for that sort of psychological jargon : we can take the man or the woman, who makes light of God Save the King, to be not a psychologist, but an ass. But we might give them one more chance. Let them try, on that day when Peace shall be proclaimed, Peace, on such terms as will satisfy the justice of our cause—let them try, on that day, to fathom the depth of the mystery of God Save the King.

Only, we must not wear our loyalty to King and country as a horse wears blinkers, to make him forget his surroundings. We must not be so in love with our own country as to talk of Us winning. It is not we, but the Allies, who will win. Never fail, in all your talk of the War, to set our Allies, as it were a matter of honour and of courtesy, above ourselves. It is more than honour and courtesy : it is the plain fact, that they stand between us and the ruin of us ; and we between them and the ruin of them. This Alliance, fighting for the liberties of the future, is

fighting for you. The War is your War. Each day of the War, and every British life laid down, are preparing a place for you, in the world after the War.

In Ancient Greece, there was a game played by young men at their athletic sports : it was the race with torches. The men stood in lines : say, six men for each line, and a hundred yards between each man and the man next ahead of him on that line. Then, to the first man on each line, was given a flaming torch : and off they went. Down each line, from man to man, the torch was sped, each man doing his hundred yards as fast as he could without letting the torch go out : and that line won which got its torch through first. The nations of the world, likewise, have their torch-race. From generation to generation, down the long line of our history, the torch has passed from hand to hand. There have been times when it came slowly, and more smoke than fire : there have been times when it came quickly, and burned bright, and was held high and steady. Now it has got to you : and when, since it started, did it ever burn brighter ? You are standing, poised to run : you can hear the torch-bearer coming up behind you : he reaches you, thrusts the torch into your hand, and falls out of the running. Now, it is your turn. Pray, that you may be worthy of that torch-bearer, who for your sake did not spare himself.

II

A VENTURE OF FAITH

WHERE Life is, there is War. So it has been from the beginning, and so it will be always. In the world of animals there is incessant bloodshed : they prey one upon another : and “the end of every wild creature’s life is a tragedy.” They fight for their mates, for their young, for their food : they die, every year, millions of them, wounded or starved out. Everywhere, it is War : every hawk is an aeroplane, every spider’s-web is a wire entanglement. Even in the world of plants and flowers, it still is a sort of War. Each seed in the ground, each blade of grass, each separate bud on a spray of hawthorn, must stand up for itself, to get all that it needs of light and air and nourishment : it must enforce its rights, if it would enjoy them : or it will be defeated. There is no Peace where Life is. You may be sitting in a garden, with all the magic of hills and moorland round you ; but you are in the midst of War, for all that : you are in the *zone des armées* : and the sound

of the fighting will be in your ears—if only you could hear it—till you are where no Life is.

Man, when he began to be raised above the world of animals, had in him the promise of what he was to become, but the rest of him was animal : and we bear all over us, and in every particle of us, the mark of the animal world. Man, at first, fought as wild creatures fight, to satisfy his animal wants. One had a drier cave or den than another, or a larger store of nuts, or better access to a supply of water : therefore he must fight to keep his hold on these advantages : fight with his hands and his teeth, having not yet invented the use of clubs and flints.

Later came a time when men began to draw together, not apart in caves, but in some sort of little thatched mud-huts, side by side, in a settlement. It made things easier for them, and more secure. Thus arose villages, and the feeling of social life, and a common purpose : and each group or clan of these savages had its own patch of land to defend and cultivate. Henceforth there was something more than self to fight for : there was the clan, and the patch of land, to fight for. And when the clan became sufficiently intelligent to have a head man, there was some sort of a king to fight for.

So men slowly cleared themselves from their identity with the animal world : and they did it, more or less, by fighting. The feeble and irresolute went down before the strong and purposeful : those

clans endured, and improved themselves, which were most inventive and most cunning in warfare. They found out how to cook food, and bake pottery, and weave cloth. Also, they came to believe in gods of their own: they made their fetishes, their goggle-eyed idols, to whom they brought food and sacrifices. They had to begin somewhere, and that is where they began, with fear and imagination of good and bad ghosts, gods and devils, invisible in the sky, under the earth, and in all dark places; a whole company of local deities, mostly dangerous, but fond of food and sacrifices, and very useful in time of war. Thus, at last, men had not only a country and a king to fight for; they had also gods, to help them to fight.

Look well at this notion of sacrifices. Do you like the look of it? Sacrifices of fowls and sheep and oxen, of slaves, of children, are ill to think of. What sort of gods would they be, that could thus be persuaded to take one side of a quarrel between savages?

There is a passage in Darwin's *Descent of Man* which is apt here. He is recalling his first sight of savages: it was at *Tierra del Fuego*, when he was naturalist on board the *Beagle*, at the beginning of his scientific life. The *Beagle* reached *Tierra del Fuego* in 1833. It was in 1871 that the *Descent of Man* was published. At the end of the last chapter, summing up the evidence of man's development from a lower form of creature, he says:

The main conclusion arrived at in this work, namely, that man is descended from some lowly organised form, will, I regret to think, be highly distasteful to many. But there can hardly be a doubt that we are descended from barbarians. The astonishment which I felt on first seeing a party of Fuegians on a wild and broken shore will never be forgotten by me, for the reflection at once rushed into my mind—such were our ancestors. These men were absolutely naked and bedaubed with paint, their long hair was tangled, their mouths frothed with excitement, and their expression was wild, startled, and distrustful. They possessed hardly any arts, and like wild animals lived on what they could catch ; they had no government, and were merciles to every one not of their own small tribe. He who has seen a savage in his native land will not feel much shame, if forced to acknowledge that the blood of some more humble creature flows in his veins. For my own part, I would as soon be descended from that heroic little monkey, who braved his dreaded enemy in order to save the life of his keeper, or from that old baboon, who descending from the mountains, carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs—as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practises infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstitions.

Indeed, you are to be pitied, that you never saw Darwin, and that you were not here in that storm of talk and thought which he raised. Like Prospero, he sunk the ship without hurting anybody : but it was a very heavy storm, while it lasted. You know nothing of all that : you have never for a moment doubted that “ man is descended from a hairy, tailed quadruped, probably arboreal in its habits, and an in-

habitant of the Old World." To you, this fine passage from the Descent of Man may well sound commonplace. But I had a special reason for quoting it here. For I remember that I read it, near forty years ago, to a young man of great learning : and he said at once, "But the mere notion of sacrifice puts the savage infinitely above the ape." And, of course, it does. For the notion of sacrifice marches in step with the notion of God : they advance together, as man's power of thinking advances : and our present notion of sacrifice is just as far ahead of the bloody performances of the Fuegians as our present notion of God is ahead of their gross superstitions. The two notions, marching in step and advancing together, came, ages back, arm in arm, out of the darkness of such countries as Tierra del Fuego. So long as God was supposed to be one or more fetishes, it was reasonable to put a dish of food in front of them. So long as God was supposed to be under the influence of gifts, it was reasonable to slaughter sheep and oxen in temples and in sacred groves. The two notions have got past all that : they shook themselves free of it, long ago. Let us say goodbye here to the Fuegians, if any of them are left : indeed, this essay never had any business to allude to them. Take things as they are, in the present War. Nothing else is worth thinking of, now. What effect has the War on our notion of sacrifice ? What effect has it on our notion of God ?

We can hardly doubt, that the notion of sacrifice strengthens its hold on us, as a people, in time of War. Sacrifice, in time of Peace, is spread thin : it has to find a corner where it can, in the separate enterprises of each of us. It blazes up in time of War, like a lit fire, in the one enterprise of all of us. There is that which War, and nothing but War, can do for us. If there were any other national affliction so heavy as War, the same effect would be produced : but there is not. In Peace the exercises of sacrifice are mostly individual : we tend to make a personal affair of it ; and, as we are small personages, we are tempted to give the great name of sacrifice to small acts of politeness, as when we lend our best umbrella to somebody who is sure to lose it. Then comes War, and shows us how small we are ; and what was the duty of each of us becomes the duty of all of us. Not that we have sacrificed all that we possess, or anything near all ; nor have we sacrificed more than other nations : but we have not done badly, and we are still going on.

But our faith, our notion of God—how is our faith standing the test of the War ? Poor faith, on the rack all this time ! She is put to the question daily. The newspapers, the casualty-lists, the incessant thought of pain and starvation and death, torture her. *Do you still believe in God ?* Yes, she says. Then comes the news of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and gives another turn to the rack. *Do*

you still believe in God? Yes, she says. And then comes a published letter from France, or from the Dardanelles, with an account of some of the many horrors which are in every hour of the War. *Do you still believe?* Then a telegram, that the only son has been killed in action. *Do you still believe?* She has been racked, already, for more than a year. Is it possible that she will hold out to the end of the War?

Try how the question sounds in plain words, without any fuss of allegory. The full terrors of the War are upon us; its hundreds of thousands of dead, millions of sick and wounded and prisoners; its widows and orphans and homeless; wreckage of town and village and countryside, incessant record of evil. Where is God in all that? What kind of a God could it be that has committed the world to the past fifteen months of its life? How can there be God, if there can be War?

We cannot run away from this challenge, or stop our ears to it; we might as well try to run away from our own shadows, or stop the beating of our own hearts. We cannot off-hand surrender to it; for if we should say today that we do not believe, something would be sure to turn-up tomorrow, to make us say that we do. Besides, what is the good of a fugitive and cloistered faith, which refuses all ventures and adventures?

Let us be agreed, to begin with, that our faith

is what it was a couple of years ago. If it fails to stand the test of War, that is because we did not prepare it in times of Peace. The War caught it off its guard, unready, ill-equipped. Up to the very moment of the War, we took no trouble to find out for ourselves the breaking-point of our faith, the strain which it could bear without giving way. If it had been an iron girder, or a length of steel wire, it would have been properly tested: piano-wire, so they say, has 130 tons tensile strength per square inch. Up to that point, it endures; beyond that point, it breaks. Doubtless, if we had known, in 1913, what this War would be like, we should have provided ourselves with a faith able to endure anything; but we did not know, and the only faith which we had to hand, in August 1914, was of the 1913 standard, the average strength. But the breaking of the wire may be due, not to excessive strain, but to some fault or flaw in the wire. And the tensile strength of our faith may be impaired by the fault or flaw of thinking that God, somehow, is more closely concerned with great things than with small. The remedy for this superstition, of course, is

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

But when we set out to make a venture of faith, we must be prepared to answer, to many questions,

I don't know. And this answer is not in any way evasive or poor-spirited ; it is the very ABC of common sense. Of course we don't know. What is there that we do know? We see an inch or two in front of us, and no more—" 'Tis but a part we see, and not the whole"—and if any one thinks that he does know why things are what they are, the only place for him is a lunatic asylum. Across the shield of faith, runs the motto Ignoramus : that is to say, We don't know. Why do the moths fly into candle-flames? Ignoramus. Why do the shipwrecks and earthquakes and epidemic diseases afflict mankind? Ignoramus. Why was the world ever made at all? Ignoramus. We don't know. We are not so made as to know. We are here not to know everything, but to be something.

Narrow the argument to its finest point. Think, not in millions, but in single figures. One moth burned in a flame, one child killed in an accident, are just as big an argument against faith in God as all the wars of the world put together, with all the disasters of the world thrown in. Happily, the opposite truth is equally true. One petal of a flower, one child happy in its mother's arms—even one speck of colour, one note of music—are just as big an argument for faith in God as all the beauty of the world, of life, and of art, all put together.

Beginning thus with the smallest things that we can think of, and admiring them one at a time—and

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one flower-petal, or one moment of a tune on a fiddle, may serve our purpose just as well as the whole universe, visible and invisible, all admired at once—we can strengthen our faith, if we have weakened it by taking wide majestic views.

But we cannot go through life with no more furniture in the house of faith than a flower-petal and a note of music. These will do to begin with; but we have a natural desire for larger articles. So we construct them, and place them about: and the house, up to August 1914, was very comfortable. We believed heartily in the reality of all the good in the world; and we were quite sure that there must be some inexplicable explanation of all the bad in the world. We told each other that the world was neither Hell nor Heaven: it was just the world, a fine hunting-ground, a good opportunity, a noble school to work in and to play in, a fair field, and no favour:

My bonny man, the warld, it's true,
Was made for neither me nor you;
It's just a place to warstle through,
As Job confessed o't;
And aye the best that we'll can do
Is mak' the best o't.

A feck o' folk frae first to last
Have through this queer experience passed;
'Twa-threc, I ken, just damn an' blast
The hale transaction;
But twa-three ithers, cast an' wast,
Fand satisfaction.

When we looked only at the bad in the world, we found ourselves despairing : when we looked only at the good in the world, we found ourselves dreaming. And we shouted with laughter at the thought of what would have happened if the making of the world had been entrusted to our hands. Of course, we should have made a delightful world, with nothing in it to be ashamed of : but it would not have lasted more than a century or so. Still, it would have been, in many ways, a great credit to us, while it lasted, this toy world, with no sin, no shame, no death. None of its creatures would have torn each other in pieces : they would all have been tame, and would all have lived on vegetables. None of its men and women would have been sinners. Everything would have gone right, nothing wrong : virtue without vice, health without disease, joy without sorrow, pleasure without pain. Nothing to improve, nothing to bear, nothing to hate, nothing to fight for : a world entirely blameless, but horribly monotonous. So we laughed, and said that if we had been consulted over the making of the world, we should have voted against the making of any world at all, under any conditions whatsoever : but, since the world had to be made—or it would not be here—our immediate business was to believe in the good in the world, and do what we could to lessen the bad in the world. There was bad enough, and more than enough, to keep us busy : and there was good enough,

and more than enough, to enable us to believe in the divine making, moving, adorning, and inspiring of the world, from day to day of its existence. This faith, like a good friend, wears well. Like a healthy life, it is practical, patient, sane, with a regular pulse and steadily controlled nerves. It is as old as the hills ; it has stood the shock of bad times, even worse than those in which we are.

But many minds, torn by the horror of this War, refuse to be healed with ready-made consolation. Wise minds, too : wiser than ours.

To all who have lost by death some one very near and dear to them, the best consolation, far and away, is belief in the life of the world to come : and they are happy who, when the news of that death falls on them, have on their shields not Ignoramus but Exspecto. Outside this ever-widening circle of widows and orphans, sonless fathers and mothers, brotherless brothers and sisters, are the rest of us, longing to find some general consolation against the general horror of the War. Let it be free from offence, to put here some old commonplace thoughts : but they are intended only for boys and girls, who may not yet be tired of the commonplace.

One fact always helps me, and will help me to the end of my days, whenever I think of the pains of this world : and here it is, for what it is worth. It is the fact, that we must not add up pains as we add up figures on a blackboard. Take a trivial instance.

Say that three of us, A, B, and C, each has a toothache. That is bad enough. But we must not make it worse than it is, by thinking of it as Toothache $A + B + C$. Still less must we think of it as Toothache $A \times B \times C$. If we have the very faintest regard for mathematics, we are bound to think of it as $\overline{\text{Toothache}} \overline{A + B + C}$. Each of us has one third of Toothache.

But these mathematical ways of thinking of it are all equally absurd. For they all assume the existence of Toothache, somehow, by itself, even if nobody is having it. They talk as if it were something like a pound of cheese. Of course, with a pound of cheese, A and B and C can each have an ounce of it, and still there will be thirteen ounces of cheese. Or take the instance of a London fog. Each of us inhales some of it, because there it is, the whole mass of it, waiting to be inhaled. But what is Toothache, except aching teeth? There is no such thing as Toothache in itself, absolute Toothache, Toothache with a capital T : there is nothing but a lot of people, each with one aching tooth. It is not logical, to talk about "the total sum of toothache," or "the terrible amount of toothache in the world." There are indeed many toothaches, more's the pity : but none of us has more than one of them : and that is all the toothache that there is. If we like to say that we cannot believe in God, because of the terrible amount of toothache in the world—well, we can say

it : but we are dressing up a fancy, not arguing from a fact. The only "amount of toothache" is in our imagination, which betrays us into this adding up of toothaches.

Anyhow, if we have the audacity to add up sums and totals of pains, we must have the decency to add up, on the opposite page of the ledger, sums and totals of pleasures ; and the courage and the good sense to praise God for the blessed amount of strong digestion in the world, and for the total sum of sound teeth.

Now, we may, without irreverence, apply this commonplace even to our thoughts of the War. There is no such thing as "the amount of suffering of our men" : no such thing as "the amount of hardship borne by the Army." Each man bears his own pain, endures his own hardship. There is no Pain with a capital P, no Hardship with a capital H. Indeed, I am not fooling over words, nor making light of any man's pain. I am only saying that we must not add up, or multiply together, pains, hardships, or deaths. If you say that you cannot help doing it, give me leave to say that you can. If you could dress up the fancy, you can undress it again.

And, at least, if you will persist in your adding up of pains, you must likewise add up the pleasures. Every hour of health, every hour of sleep and comfort, every moment of laughter and friendship, every puff of tobacco, every mouthful of good food—add them all up, quick, all the daily millions of

them, wherever our men are, all the way from here to the Dardanelles. Leave out not one of them. Put down each letter and each parcel that finds its way from home to a man at the front, every tune on a gramophone or a mouth-organ, every joke that passes from man to man down the length of a trench. Be fair to your faith. Do not fill up one side of your account with her, and not the other.

But, for all that, the horror of War is beyond measurement : and the most that we can see is just a glimmer of light in a great darkness.

To some of us, this glimmer of light comes, not when we sit down and think of War in general, but when we follow in thought the daily life of some one young man at the front, whom we know well. His letters may not tell us the whole truth—for he is *splendide mendax*—but they give us a fairly true picture of him : and they go with his photograph, set like a Russian eikon in the most sacred place in the room. Consider, how the tone of his letters, and the look of his face, do make us feel sure that he, out there, is, somehow, as happy as some of us over here : “And, to the saner mind, We rather seem the dead that stay behind.” He has his one duty clear, and he is doing it : he has his one place in his country’s service plainly marked, and he is in it. He rests, not from, but in, his labours. He has his dull times, black moods, rushes of home sickness, wild longings to be out of it all, fits of impotent rage at the waste and

the savagery of it all—these come on him, but they pass, leaving him unmoved in the depths of the single concern of his life. Our life, to him, may well seem fidgety and elaborate ; wearing itself to fiddlestrings ; not simple enough, now, for him to whom each day allots his immediate purpose, and any day may be the last of them. Years ago, I remember, a famous war-correspondent, who was in the South African War, told me how he had been in Ladysmith, during the siege, down with typhoid fever. “It was the happiest time of my life,” he said : and he is not a man who says what he does not mean. To him, it was happiness enough that he was at the heart of great affairs, typhoid or no typhoid. The whole nation, thousands of miles off, was looking toward Ladysmith : and there was he, just in that very place which the whole nation was thinking of : and, being there, he was content, and more than content. That is what it is, to be “on active service” : it is to be living and working, set, like the diamond in a watch, at the exact centre of a nation’s fate.

This glimmer of light leads you, from the one man whose letters are in your pocket, and his photograph is on your mantelpiece, to all the millions of men who are like-minded with him. Not all of them, when they enlisted, had reason to be proud of their record—no more than we have, to be proud of ours. Some were poor wastrels, idlers, dishonest, burdensome to their own folk : “There is no King, be

his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers." But Oh ye carefully brought-up boys and girls, bless ye the Lord, praise Him, and magnify Him for ever—see them now, what the Army has done for them : how it has set them up, body and soul, brought out the best in them, stamped out the bad from them. "He's quite a different man" ; that is how So-and-so's neighbours speak of him, for whom no word was too hard six months ago ; "Really, he's quite a different man since he joined the Army." That is the grace, or magic, of discipline : it is able to make, out of a man, a different man. Not that the Navy and the Army are the only kingdom of discipline. We go under discipline at school, and at home, and in the competition of business, and in all times of illness or failure, and so forth. But, in the Navy and the Army, these three, Discipline, Obedience, and Loyalty, are enthroned on every hour of the day's work, inseparable and insuperable ; great in Peace, greater in War. Here is no question of Germany, where brutality is allowed to masquerade as discipline : we are thinking of our happier country. And when we think what our sailors and soldiers are—above all, what So-and-so is, now that he is *quite a different man*—we can believe that where Discipline, Obedience, and Loyalty are, there God is. And, seeing the excellence of these virtues, I say—for what does it matter what I say ?—that I long to see

more privilege given to the Navy and the Army, if not less to the Trade Unions and the Labour Party : more protection for aristocracy, if not less for democracy. Of all the many words which have suffered ill-use, this word aristocracy is most to be pitied. *The* aristocracy : that was the silly phrase half a century ago : Lord This and Lady That, the " noble families," the " titled people." Aristocracy is *ἀριστοκρατία*, the power of the Best People : and the Navy and the Army are more capable than the Trade Unions of guarding that divine power, in the interests of the whole nation. That is the meaning of Ruskin's prophecy, spoken half a century ago : " The time is coming when the soldiers of England must be her tutors ; and the captains of her army, captains also of her mind." Perhaps, years hence, it will be in part fulfilled.

18075.

To these commonplaces, these attempts to see glimmers of light, you can add one more. It is just the plain fact, that the War is making a better nation of us : more grave, more patient, more willing to find fault, not with its Government, but with itself. I remember, in the early days of the War, passing by two workmen in the street, and hearing one of them say, " This War's going to be the very making of the people."

But the glimmer of light, now and again, seems to go right out. To think of the sufferings of women and children in War, is to look into a dark-

ness so impenetrable that we take refuge in silence, and are certain of our ignorance, and of that only. It is not for us to know "the reason o' the cause and the wherefore o' the why." It is not for us to "take upon us the mystery of things, as if we were God's spies." Perhaps the best shield of our faith, after all, is the knowledge that our country, in this War, is on the right side. Lincoln, in the American Civil War, was asked whether he felt sure that God was on his side : and he answered that he hoped, at any rate, that he was on God's side. So are we, in this War : and where our sailors and soldiers are, there the *vexilla Regis* are with them, whatever they may lose or win.

III

THE INVASION OF BELGIUM

LORD ROSEBERY, in his Preface to Buchan's History of the War, tells us not to think that we know all the causes of the War. "What is on the surface is clear enough, but it is what is under the surface that matters. . . . We must, I think, suspend our judgment as to the real causes of war till time and documents give us the clue." It was in October 1914 that he wrote this warning to all of us: and we must keep it in mind. But there is one set of documents, at any rate, which every one of us, old or young, ought to read: and it can be bought for a penny. It is the Report of our Government, published under the title, *Great Britain and the European Crisis*. It records, from day to day, almost from hour to hour, the outbreak and spread of the War, from the day of the Austrian Note to Servia to the day of declaration of War by Great Britain against Germany. It contains the correspondence laid before Parliament, more than a hundred pages of official

letters and telegrams ; Sir Edward Grey's speech in the House of Commons, on August 3 ; and Mr. Asquith's speech, on August 6. It may be got through any bookseller : and one could hardly spend a penny to greater advantage. With Buchan's History, and this Report, and the Times translation, price threepence, of the "Yellow Book," the Report of the French Government, you can begin to study the War. And though we cannot know all the many causes of it, this much we know, and have the proofs in our hands, that the immediate occasion of Great Britain's entry into the War was Germany's violation of the neutrality of Belgium.

Before the War, to think of Belgium was to think of sight-seeing in old Flemish cities—Bruges, Ghent, Ypres, Louvain, Antwerp—with their many treasures of painting and sculpture and architecture : places so delightful to be in, so easy to get at. The time of their highest magnificence and strength came to an end long ago ; but their beauty seemed imperishable—"that little country"—it is Mr. Chesterton who is speaking—"with its pattern of bright fields as tidy as a chess-board, with its medley of mediæval cities as carved and quaint as the chess-men." Bruges especially was a pleasant place to dream in : Antwerp was too busy, Brussels too modern and too political. Besides, if one did manage to dream in Brussels, it would not be of Flemish and Spanish grandes and merchants and men-at-arms : it would be of the

Vanity Fair people—Becky and Amelia and Jos Sedley and Peggy O'Dowd and Lady Bareacres—and the sound of revelry by night, and the sound of the guns at Waterloo. For Belgium is haunted by the ghosts of all the dead Wars which have gone over her. Look at her place on the map of Europe : see how she lies in the path of War. The Cockpit of Europe was her nickname : the country which was most handy for wagering one army against another, and could never get out of the way, when the great European Powers were at variance. See, on the map of Belgium, Ramillies and Oudenarde, two of Marlborough's battlefields. On the map of London you find these names again, in the little forgotten streets, behind Buszard's cake-shop, which hang on to the skirts of Great Marlborough Street, and are haunted by the Esmond people—my Lord Castlewood, and my Lord Mohun, and the rest of them. Fighting and fought over, ever since Cæsar discovered the Belgic tribe and put it on record that they were the bravest of the Gauls, the country has been set, again and again, like a stage, for War. England, France, Spain, Austria, Holland come into the very structure of the Netherlands.

It is just a hundred years, since the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, settling the affairs of Europe after the Napoleonic Wars, joined into one kingdom the Dutch Netherlands and the Southern, "Spanish" or "Austrian," Netherlands : and from 1815 to 1830,

Holland and Belgium, under one king, were "the United Netherlands." In 1830, the Belgians, tired of the Dutch, rose in revolution. On the night of August 25 they attacked and destroyed the houses of the Government in Brussels.¹ A month later, the Dutch sent troops against Brussels: there was furious street-fighting, and the Dutch were trapped in the Brussels Park, heavily beaten, and driven homeward. The Belgian Provisional Government issued a Decree of Independence: a constitution was drafted: and a National Congress was summoned. On February 7, 1831, the Bill of Constitution was passed. In June of that year, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was elected to be the first King of the Belgians.²

The revolution was so quickly over, the constitution of the new kingdom so well designed, and the right of the Belgians to independence so plain, that the Powers made no attempt to undo what had been done. Belgium had come to stay: she had made herself one kingdom, with one king, and she had no mind to be put back to be the half of a kingdom, with the half of a king. But her duty to Europe, and Europe's duty to her, must be defined, and must be defined at once. So, in that June 1831, the London Conference was held. At this conference,

¹ The signal for this rioting was given, by chance or by design, during a performance of the opera of *Masaniello*. The singing of a flamboyant patriotic song "brought down the house," and started the bringing down of other houses.

² His nephew, Prince Albert, was Queen Victoria's husband, the Prince Consort. The Queen and Prince Albert were married in 1840. The Queen's great regard for "Uncle Leopold" is well known to all students of her life.

the representatives of Great Britain, France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia signed an agreement guaranteeing the perpetual neutrality of Belgium, and the integrity and inviolability of her territory. Later, in 1839, a new agreement was signed by Great Britain, Belgium, Austria, France, Prussia, and Russia. It contained twenty-four articles : but we are concerned here with only one of them :—

ARTICLE VII.

La Belgique, dans les limites indiquées aux Articles i, ii, et iv, formera un Etat indépendant et perpétuellement neutre. Elle sera tenue d'observer cette même neutralité envers tous les autres Etats.

That is to say, Hands off Belgium. Let none of the nations make either an ally or an enemy of her, nor involve her in War, nor move troops across her frontiers. And let her, for her part, take neither one side nor the other in any war, but remain single, inviolate, whatever nations may be fighting : let her keep herself to herself, and cease to be the cockpit of Europe. This agreement of 1839, which was respected by Prussia in the War of 1870, and was formally recognised, in the German Parliament, so late as April 29, 1913, is that *scrap of paper* which Germany, in 1914, tore up.

The first King of the Belgians died in 1865, and was succeeded by his son, Leopold II. It is to the credit of Leopold II. that he set himself to advance

the prosperity of Belgian commerce, agriculture and industries : but he is justly held responsible for the cruelties inflicted on natives of the Belgian Congo Territory, who were enslaved and brutally treated, to get the utmost yield of rubber out of that country. He died in 1909, and his nephew, the present King of the Belgians, reigned in his stead. That year, a scheme of reform was brought forward for the better administration of the Congo Territory : and in 1910 this scheme passed into law. Thus, with her new King, Belgium started to regain the ground which she had lost, under Leopold II., in the goodwill of Europe.

It was on the evening of July 23, 1914, that the Austrian Note to Serbia was presented at Belgrade. It was on July 28, that Austria declared War on Serbia. Read with special care the Introduction to Great Britain and the European Crisis : it will show you what an incessant and heavy strain, day and night, was on our Government, and not on ours alone ; first, to avert the War ; then, when that attempt failed, to limit the War to Austria and Servia. The history of these vain attempts is in the documentary part of the Report : our business here is to follow the one thread of the history of the invasion of Belgium. Of course, the despatches here quoted were telegraphic. And, of course, they are but a few out of many.

On July 26, Sir Edward Grey proposed that the

German, Italian, and French Ambassadors should immediately confer with him in London, "for the purpose of discovering an issue which would prevent complications." Germany was not in favour of this procedure : still, up to July 28, and even up to July 29, there was reason to believe that Germany was working to bring about a good understanding between Austria and Russia. On July 29, about 4 P.M., Sir Edward Grey informed our Ambassador at Berlin, Sir Edward Goschen, of a conversation which he had had with the German Ambassador in London :—

The German Ambassador has been instructed by the German Chancellor to inform me that he is endeavouring to mediate between Vienna and St. Petersburg, and he hopes with good success. . . . The German Government had said that they were favourable in principle to mediation between Russia and Austria if necessary. They seemed to think the particular method of conference, consultation or discussion, or even conversations *à quatre* in London, too formal a method. I urged that the German Government should suggest any method by which the influence of the four Powers could be used together to prevent war between Austria and Russia. France agreed, Italy agreed. The whole idea of mediation or mediating influence was ready to be put into operation by any method that Germany could suggest if mine was not acceptable. In fact, mediation was ready to come into operation by any method that Germany thought possible, if only Germany would "press the button" in the interests of peace.

Belgium, on July 29, made her appeal, as follows, to those Powers which had signed the agreement of 1839, to respect her neutrality :—

Belgium has observed, with the most scrupulous exactitude, the obligations of a neutral State, which are imposed upon her by the treaties of April 19, 1839. These obligations she will remain at unalterable pains to fulfil, whatever circumstances may be. The friendly dispositions of the Powers towards her have been asserted so often that Belgium is confident that she will see her territory remain inviolate if hostilities should break out upon her frontiers.

About midnight on July 29, Sir Edward Grey was informed by Sir Edward Goschen that the German Chancellor had sent for him that night ; had asked whether Great Britain would promise to remain neutral in a War, provided Germany did not touch Holland and took nothing from France but her colonies ; had refused to give any undertaking that Germany would not invade Belgium ; but had promised that, if Belgium remained passive, no territory would be taken from her.

On July 30, Sir Edward Grey answered this amazing proposal, as follows :—

His Majesty's Government cannot for a moment entertain the Chancellor's proposal that they should bind themselves to neutrality on such terms.

What he asks us in effect is to engage to stand by while French colonies are taken and France is beaten, so long as Germany does not take French territory as distinct from the colonies.

From the material point of view such a proposal is unacceptable ; for France, without further territory in Europe being taken from her, could be so crushed as to lose her position as a Great Power, and become subordinate to German policy.

Altogether apart from that, it would be a disgrace for us to make this bargain with Germany at the expense of France, a disgrace from which the good name of this country would never recover.

The Chancellor also in effect asks us to bargain away whatever obligation or interest we have as regards the neutrality of Belgium. We could not entertain that bargain either.

. . . You should speak to the Chancellor in the above sense, and add most earnestly that the one way of maintaining the good relations between England and Germany is that they should continue to work together to preserve the peace of Europe; if we succeed in this object, the mutual relations of Germany and England will, I believe, be *ipso facto* improved and strengthened. For that object His Majesty's Government will work in that way with all sincerity and good-will.

And I will say this: If the peace of Europe can be preserved, and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavour will be to promote some arrangement to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, and ourselves, jointly or separately. . . .

This message was read to the German Chancellor, by Sir Edward Goschen, on the morning of July 31.

On July 31, also, Sir Edward Grey sent the following communication to our Ambassadors at Paris and Berlin:—

I still trust that situation is not irretrievable, but in view of prospect of mobilisation in Germany it becomes essential to His Majesty's Government, in view of existing treaties, to ask whether French (German) Government are prepared to engage to respect neutrality of Belgium so long as no other Power violates it.

A similar request is being addressed to German (French) Government. It is important to have an early answer.

Our Ambassador at Paris, Sir Francis Bertie, replied; that same day, that he had received from the French Minister for Foreign Affairs assurance as follows :—

French Government are resolved to respect the neutrality of Belgium, and it would only be in the event of some other Power violating that neutrality that France might find herself under the necessity, in order to assure defence of her own security, to act otherwise. This assurance has been given several times. President of the Republic spoke of it to the King of the Belgians, and the French Minister at Brussels has spontaneously renewed the assurance to the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs to-day.

Sir Edward Goschen replied, that same day :—

I have seen Secretary of State, who informs me that he must consult the Emperor and the Chancellor before he could possibly answer. I gathered from what he said that he thought any reply they might give could not but disclose a certain amount of their plan of campaign in the event of war ensuing, and he was therefore very doubtful whether they would return any answer at all. His Excellency, nevertheless, took note of your request.

It appears from what he said that German Government consider that certain hostile acts have already been committed by Belgium. As an instance of this, he alleged that a consignment of corn for Germany had been placed under an embargo already.

So did the wolf in the fable, before devouring the lamb, allege that the lamb had already committed a

certain hostile act, by drinking higher up the stream.

On August 1, Sir Edward Grey informed Sir Edward Goschen of a conversation which he had had, that same day, with the German Ambassador in London :—

I told the German Ambassador to-day that the reply of the German Government with regard to the neutrality of Belgium was a matter of very deep regret, because the neutrality of Belgium affected feeling in this country. If Germany could see her way to give the same assurance as that which had been given by France it would materially contribute to relieve anxiety and tension here. On the other hand, if there were a violation of the neutrality of Belgium by one combatant while the other respected it, it would be extremely difficult to restrain public feeling in this country. I said that we had been discussing this question at a Cabinet meeting, and as I was authorised to tell him this, I gave him a memorandum of it.

He asked me whether, if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgian neutrality, we would engage to remain neutral.

I replied that I could not say that ; our hands were still free, and we were considering what our attitude should be. All I could say was that our attitude would be determined largely by public opinion here, and that the neutrality of Belgium would appeal very strongly to public opinion here. I did not think that we could give a promise of neutrality on that condition alone.

The Ambassador pressed me as to whether I could not formulate conditions on which we would remain neutral. He even suggested that the integrity of France and her colonies might be guaranteed.

I said that I felt obliged to refuse definitely any promise to remain neutral on similar terms, and I could only say that we must keep our hands free.

Early in the morning of August 2, German troops invaded Luxemburg, a neutral territory, on the way into Belgium. The German Chancellor told the Prime Minister of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg that this invasion "did not constitute a hostile act against Luxemburg," but was merely to protect some German railways in Luxemburg from being attacked by the French.

That same day, at 7 P.M., the German Minister at Brussels presented to the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs a Note, as follows :—

The German Government has received trustworthy information, according to which the French forces intend to march on the Meuse, by way of Givet and Namur. This information leaves no doubt with regard to the intentions of France to march against Germany through Belgian territory. The German Imperial Government cannot resist the apprehension that Belgium, with the best will in the world, will not be in a position to repel, unaided, a French advance of so great an extent. In this fact there is sufficient certitude of a threat against Germany. In self-defence, Germany is bound to anticipate the enemy's attack. It would consequently cause the German Government very great regret, if Belgium were to regard it as an act of hostility against herself that Germany is compelled, by the measures taken by her enemies, to parry these by setting foot herself on Belgian territory.

It would be hard to find a document more infamous than this Note. Observe, that the pretext of "trustworthy information" as to the "intentions" of France—we know the "trustworthiness" of

German information—is the one and only excuse that Germany offers. Because France is said to be intending to do something, Germany, “in self-defence,” will stick at nothing. We need not trouble ourselves with the rest of the Note. If anything could add to its infamy, it would be the fact that only twelve hours were allowed to Belgium, in which to decide. The Note, presented on Sunday evening, must be answered on Monday morning.

At 7 A.M., on Monday, August 3, the Belgian Government made answer:—

. . . The treaties of 1839, confirmed by the treaties of 1870, consecrate the independence and neutrality of Belgium under the guarantee of the Powers, and, in particular, of the Government of His Majesty the King of Prussia. Belgium has always remained faithful to her international obligations; she has fulfilled her duties in a spirit of loyal impartiality; she has left nothing undone in order to maintain or to secure respect of her neutrality.

The attack upon her independence would constitute a flagrant violation of International Law. No strategic interest justifies the violation of the law.

If the Belgian Government accepted the proposals which are put forward in the German Note, it would sacrifice the honour of the nation, and would, at the same time, betray its trust towards Europe.

Mindful of the part which Belgium has played for more than eighty years in the civilisation of the world, the Belgian Government refuses to believe that the independence of Belgium can only be preserved at the price of the violation of her neutrality.

If this hope should not be realised, the Belgian Government

is resolutely determined to repel, by every means in its power, every attack upon its rights.

On the afternoon of August 3, Sir Edward Grey, in the House of Commons, stated that our King had received a telegram from the King of the Belgians, as follows :—

Remembering the numerous proofs of your Majesty's friendship and that of your predecessors, and the friendly attitude of England in 1870, and the proof of friendship she has just given us again, I make a supreme appeal to the diplomatic intervention of your Majesty's Government to safeguard the integrity of Belgium.

On the evening of August 3, German troops crossed the Belgian frontier.

Early in the morning of August 4, Sir Edward Grey telegraphed to Sir Edward Goschen :—

. . . His Majesty's Government are bound to protest against this violation of a treaty to which Germany is a party in common with themselves, and must request an assurance that the demand made upon Belgium may not be proceeded with, and that her neutrality will be respected by Germany. You should ask for an immediate reply.

The German Chancellor, that day, in the Reichstag, the German Parliament, spoke as follows :—

We are in a state of legitimate self-defence : and *necessity knows no law*. Our troops have occupied Luxemburg, and have, perhaps, already penetrated into Belgium. *That is contrary to the rule of International Law*. . . . We knew that France was holding herself ready to invade Belgium. *France could wait. We could not*. A French attack on our flank, in the region of

the Lower Rhine, *might have become fatal*. That is how we have been compelled to *disregard the justified protests* of the Governments of Luxemburg and Belgium. *The injustice which we are committing* we will repair, as soon as our military object has been attained. Anybody who is threatened as we are threatened, and is fighting for his highest possessions, can have only one thought—how he is to *hack his way through*.

That same evening, Sir Edward Goschen visited the German Chancellor. In his report to Sir Edward Grey on the events of the day in Berlin, comes the phrase which all men caught up :—

I found the Chancellor very agitated. His Excellency at once began a harangue, which lasted for about twenty minutes. He said that the step taken by His Majesty's Government was terrible to a degree ; just for a word—"neutrality," a word which in war time had so often been disregarded—*just for a scrap of paper* Great Britain was going to make war on a kindred nation who desired nothing better than to be friends with her.

On August 5, in the House of Commons, Mr. Asquith made the final statement :—

Our Ambassador at Berlin received his passports at seven o'clock last evening ; and since eleven o'clock last night a state of War has existed between Germany and ourselves.

Up to this point, we are able to understand why Germany did what she did. It came natural to her, "in self-defence," to break her word to Belgium. It was all-important to her that she should rush France. The quickest way to France was through Belgium : therefore she invaded Belgium. Her action was dis-

honourable, but not inexplicable : we can understand it, just as we can understand a man's cheating at cards. Now we come to what we hardly can understand : we come to the behaviour of the German Army in Belgium.

But neither words, nor thoughts, are of much use to us here. Damnable, devilish, hellish, unspeakable, vile, mad—what is the good of these or any other adjectives? The papers were full of them, a year ago : they were dinned into us, day after day, week after week. Massacre, torture, looting, blackguardly treatment of women, murder of children, wholesale burning of towns and villages, women and children put as shields in front of German troops, drunken fury, beastly insolence—to all these doings we got—there is no other word for it—accustomed. We tried hard not to believe in them. Then came the Belgian official report on them : then, the French official report : then, the report of Lord Bryce's Committee. *Lies, lies, all lies*, said the German newspapers. If they had been lies, we would have gone down on our knees, and thanked Heaven for that. We were dazed and bewildered. We had to look three hundred years back in history, to find anything like it, and still we found nothing like it : no such calculated and organised villainy, prepared and planned. This agony of Belgium, this Reign of Terror, this never to be forgotten sin against God and man, keep it in your mind, so far as your mind can hold

it, and in your imagination, so far as your imagination can measure it, to the day of your death. These thousands of murdered Belgians are out of their misery : but Germany, who murdered them, goes on. Let there be no foolish talk on your lips about forgiving Germany. You may forgive her the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and the ill-treatment of British prisoners, if you like, and if you can. It is not your business to forgive her what she did in Belgium.

I am not going—what would be the good?—to fill pages with these atrocities. The dead are gone : no talking of them will bring them back. All that we can do, is to remember how they died. Many of the instances reported by Lord Bryce's Committee are not fit for you to read. But you may like to read the conclusions of the Report.¹ They are, of course, very quietly worded : that is the way of all Parliamentary Reports.

CONCLUSIONS

From the foregoing pages it will be seen that the Committee have come to a definite conclusion upon each of the heads under which the evidence has been classified.

¹ The Committee was appointed, by Mr. Asquith, in December, 1914. Its members were Lord Bryce, Chairman, Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir Edward Clarke, Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Alfred Hopkinson, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, and Mr. Harold Cox. For some three or four months before the appointment of the Committee, the Home Office had been collecting a large body of evidence, taken from Belgian witnesses, some soldiers but most of them civilians, from those towns and villages through which the German Army passed, and from British officers and soldiers. Altogether the Committee had before them more than 1200 depositions : they had also diaries found on the German dead, and German proclamations posted in Belgian and French towns.

It is proved :—

- (i.) That there were in many parts of Belgium deliberate and systematically organized massacres of the civil population, accompanied by many isolated murders and other outrages. .
- (ii.) That in the conduct of the War generally, innocent civilians, both men and women, were murdered in large numbers, women violated, and children murdered.
- (iii.) That looting, house-burning, and the wanton destruction of property were ordered and countenanced by the officers of the German Army, that elaborate provision had been made for systematic incendiarism at the very outbreak of the War, and that the burnings and destruction were frequent where no military necessity could be alleged, being indeed part of a system of general terrorization.
- (iv.) That the rules and usages of war were frequently broken, particularly by the using of civilians, including women and children, as a shield for advancing forces exposed to fire, to a less degree by killing the wounded and prisoners, and in the frequent abuse of the Red Cross and the White Flag.

Sensible as they are of the gravity of these conclusions, the Committee conceive that they would be doing less than their duty if they failed to record them as fully established by the evidence. Murder, lust, and pillage prevailed over many parts of Belgium on a scale unparalleled in any war between civilized nations during the last three centuries.

Our function is ended when we have stated what the evidence establishes, but we may be permitted to express our belief that these disclosures will not have been made in vain if they touch and rouse the conscience of mankind, and we venture to hope that as soon as the present War is over, the nations of

the world in council will consider what means can be provided and sanctions devised to prevent the recurrence of such horrors as our generation is now witnessing.

In another part of the Report, the Committee—bewildered, like the rest of us—tries to find words to make the thing intelligible : but it fails, of course. Still, it tries. It notes, here or there, an instance of decency, a touch of pity : it observes that many of the German soldiers were blind-drunk : and so on. Then it discusses, very quietly, “two classes of murders in particular” : (1) the shooting of hostages ; (2) the killing of the innocent inhabitants of a village because shots have been fired, or are alleged to have been fired, on the troops by some one in the village. Of the first of these two classes, it says that such murders are “opposed both to the rules of war and to every principle of justice and humanity.” Of the village massacres, it says :—

Large bodies of men, sometimes including the burgomaster and the priest, were seized, marched by officers to a spot chosen for the purpose, and there shot in cold blood, without any attempt at trial or even inquiry ; under the pretence of inflicting punishment upon the village, though these unhappy victims were not even charged with having themselves committed any wrongful act, and though, in some cases at least, the village authorities had done all in their power to prevent any molestation of the invading force. . . .

That such acts should have been perpetrated on the peaceful population of an unoffending country, which was not at war with its invaders, but merely defending its own neutrality, guaranteed by the invading Power, may excite amazement and

even incredulity. It was with amazement and almost incredulity that the Committee first read the depositions relating to such acts. But when the evidence regarding Liège was followed by that regarding Aerschot, Louvain, Andenne, Dinant, and the other towns and villages, the cumulative effect of such a mass of concurrent testimony became irresistible, and we were driven to the conclusion that the things described had really happened. . . .

The explanation seems to be that these excesses were committed—in some cases ordered, in others allowed—on a system and in pursuance of a set purpose. That purpose was to strike terror into the civil population and dishearten the Belgian troops, so as to crush down resistance and extinguish the very spirit of self-defence. The pretext that civilians had fired upon the invading troops was used to justify not merely the shooting of individual *francs tireurs*, but the murder of large numbers of innocent civilians, an act absolutely forbidden by the rules of civilized warfare.

In the minds of Prussian officers, War seems to have become a sort of sacred mission, one of the highest functions of the omnipotent State, which is itself as much an Army as a State. . . . Proclaimed by the heads of the army, this doctrine would seem to have permeated the officers and affected even the private soldiers, leading them to justify the killing of non-combatants as an act of war, and so accustoming them to slaughter that even women and children became at last the victims. . . . It is a specifically military doctrine, the outcome of a theory held by a ruling caste who have brooded and thought, written and talked and dreamed about War until they have fallen under its obsession and been hypnotised by its spirit.

So the Committee explain the organized massacres. But the mass of other outrages—the lust for killing, the torture, the mere filthiness—these remain hardly

intelligible. Let us be content with what was said, to Mr. Kipling, by a French officer:—

The *Boche* is saving the world, because he has shown us what evil is.

That is to say, the mission of the German Army in Belgium and in Northern France was to bring the world to the recognition, fear, and hatred of evil. This very important mission has been fulfilled by that Army with its usual efficiency.

After the invasion, came the occupation of Belgium. It has been disgraced by the exaction of colossal fines, by gross bullying, and by penalties of savage cruelty. In Brussels the Germans have been afraid of the populace, and have behaved, on the whole, decently : ¹ elsewhere they have not. Belgium—*crucifixa etiam pro nobis*—lives on, under this dull, insolent oppression. It began with perjury ; it went on to every imaginable form of devilry : it has come to be a monotonous tyranny, relieved by clumsy attempts to smooth things over. Let them smooth over what they can. Heaven and Earth will pass away before Germany has washed her hands of the invasion of Belgium.

¹ This was written before the news of the "execution" of Miss Cavell in Brussels, October 12, 1915. It is said—let us hope that it is not true—that about 5000 persons in Belgium have by this time undergone, for diverse offences, the penalty of death. Others, on trivial charges, have been sentenced to many years of imprisonment.

IV

FRANCE

No history of any other nation touches us so closely as the history of France. William of Normandy gave us our first French lesson : we learned, to our everlasting advantage, Norman words, manners, laws, and architecture : we took kindly to Norman rule, and its influences have a firm hold on our national life. For more than eight centuries France and England have been held together, by Peace and by War. France is our visible neighbour : we can see clearly, from Dover or Folkestone, the French coast, on a fine evening, when it catches the light of the setting sun : and a very beautiful sight it is. And as a man may quarrel with his next-door neighbour, but cannot be always quarrelling with him, and is sure, in the end, to find out the good in him, so France and England have come, by warfare, to care for each other. Nothing is able to keep them apart. France was made for England, and England for France : each has tested the strength and found the worth of the

other : they fought honourably, therefore they could wish to be reconciled : the friendship which unites them was forged in them by the power of the sword, and will endure long after all of us are dead and gone. Mr. Kipling's poem in praise of France—it was published when M. Poincaré, President of the Republic, was over here on a visit to our King—is the best account that has ever been given, in our language, of this *Entente Cordiale*, this heart-to-heart understanding between France and England.

It is just a hundred years since Waterloo. France had become so dominant over other nations, that wellnigh all Europe was up in arms against her to restore the balance of power. As it is with families, so it is with nations. If one member of a family begins to lord it over his brothers and sisters, they unite against him ; they bid him leave them alone, and conform himself to the rules of the house. So, when one of the nations is threatening and injuring other nations, they set themselves, not only for ease and self-protection, but because the welfare of Europe depends on it, to restore the balance of power. That is one of the duties of statesmen, ambassadors, ministers, consuls, and other representative men : above all, it is one of the duties of Sovereigns and Presidents. The representatives of nations are in touch throughout Europe : each country is represented in every country. This work of diplomacy is

difficult, requiring patience, courtesy, boldness, insight: and it must be done below the surface of affairs, without advertisement. Often it fails, at this or that point of international politics: and immediately certain people cry out against "secret diplomacy," as if they could have done it better, and as if no crisis were too difficult for them to handle.

Words are strange things. For we write a word, off-hand, in a sentence: and away go our thoughts, galloping after the derivation of the word, its meanings, its associations, and the images which it raises. This word *crisis*, this bit of Greek stuck in English like a fly in amber—but we ought to pronounce it as a Greek would pronounce it, *crisis* not *crisis*—means dividing, sifting, separating, judging. The European Crisis, therefore, is the winnowing-fan, the sifting of the wheat from the chaff, the setting apart of the sheep from the goats; it is attended by all the imagery of the Day of Judgment. But the word *crisis* has been so vulgarized that we use it nowadays of the most trivial happenings.

A hundred years ago, it was France that had shaken the balance of power: now, it is Germany. As our country, then, was at war with France, so France and our country, now, are at war with Germany. History repeats itself. The nations are divided by a judgment-line very different from the judgment-line of the Napoleonic Wars; but the judgment itself, the crisis, is now what it was then: the purpose of this

War is the purpose of those Wars, to restore the balance of power in Europe.

France in this War has shone so glorious, that all of us have on our lips the praises of the genius of France. Consider this word *genius*—another fly in the amber, a Latin one this time—but we ought to pronounce it *gēnius*, not *gēnius*. What is the genius of a nation? The old Romans, those of them who were simple-minded enough, believed that certain favoured places were under the care of heavenly guardians, invisible, yet a man might hope to catch sight of them in some sacred wood, or at some fountain, or on the lonely hillside. That was the *genius loci*, the spirit of the place, the servant of the Gods, told off by them to haunt and watch over the hallowed ground. But this word, like the other, has become vulgarized : so that we talk now of a positive genius for carpentering, or for arranging flowers on a dinner-table. We shall not recover the true sense of the word till we use it as a word of religion, meaning that the lives of each of us apart, and the life of all of us together, are guarded and supervised, not left to chance. *The genius of France* is a phrase without any meaning at all, unless we believe that “there’s a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.” This divinity, in France, is the genius of France : a hidden presence, but there it is : we see the signs of it, those of us who believe in it, and when we see no signs of it we still believe that it is biding its time :

and, in this present War, it has revealed itself to us—*Vera incessu patuit Dea*—not in fugitive glimpses, but in clear and steady vision.

But heroism, unity, and patience in War are only one of its many forms. You, when you shall see, in the joy of a holiday abroad, the French Cathedrals, will acknowledge in them, again, the genius of France. They are among the greatest of all great works of art: there is nothing on earth to surpass them. The most beautiful of all was Reims Cathedral, and the most precious of all. For it was the place of coronation of the French Kings: at the high altar, when Charles VII. was crowned, had stood Joan of Arc: every inch of the Cathedral bore witness to France. That is why the Germans battered it with artillery-fire, smashed the sculpture of its portals, and destroyed its immemorial splendour. It was not because of the necessities of War: it was because they were willing, with deliberate aim, to wreck the best-beloved and most sacred building in all France. That was their way of doing things thoroughly. And it has been well said, in view of the ugliness and vulgarity of modern German architecture, that the Germans, having spoiled Reims Cathedral, might do even worse: they might restore it.

But you need not wait for a holiday in France to see the genius of France. For you can find the signs of it in her history, her long record of civilization and of chivalry; her saints and heroes; her

writers and poets and artists and statesmen ; her men of science, among whom is Pasteur, who did more for the health and the happiness of mankind than any man of science before or after him. And if it were not amiss to apply the word *genius* to mere dexterity, cleverness, and play of imagination, you would admit the genius of France even in her most trivial arts, her dress-making and furniture-making and cooking and housekeeping, her novelties and her toys.

Refinement of workmanship, a light touch, quick insight, impudent wit, blazing anger, biting contempt for all sham and hypocrisy—these are the ways of France. Always we think of France as a woman : a generous, beautiful, impulsive, rather tempestuous woman, to whom laughter and tears come close together. England is John Bull ; a heavy old gentleman, slow, obstinate, honest : with his pockets full of cash, and his big stick, and his bull-dog, and the hat and coat and breeches which were in fashion when George the Third, Farmer George, was King. John Bull was invented in the days of Queen Anne : he is more than two hundred years old : he has not changed : but we have. For better for worse, he has ceased to be a thoroughly representative figure of England : it is time that we had a new one, designed by Mr. Bernard Partridge. Meanwhile, here John Bull is, and refuses to leave off. But we could never think of France as a heavy old gentle-

man : we can only think of her as a woman, often wrong, but always beautiful, and eternally young.

If you look back a hundred years, from Mr. Partridge's cartoons in *Punch* to the rough caricatures by Rowlandson which contented your great-grand-parents, you come across a very different figure of France. In the time of Napoleon, the "typical Frenchman" was a little lantern-jawed ape of a man, posturing and grimacing, in a tight-buttoned threadbare coat which had once been smart. That was the traditional Mounseer : he lived on frogs and snails, not beef and plum-pudding : he was a poor scarecrow : he believed in the Pope : one Englishman could lick three Frenchmen. Under this bluff, England kept up heart against Napoleon. "Hate every Frenchman," said Nelson, "as you would hate the devil" : a dead saying now, but more prudent, in its time, than the nonsense about Mounseer.

It is just half a century, from the death of Nelson, 1805, to the fall of Sebastopol, in 1855. In the Crimean War, France, England, and Turkey were allied against Russia. That War taught our country a lesson which it had failed to learn through half a century of Peace. It laid bare the shameful neglect of all arrangements for the proper care of our sick and wounded. The French Army had women, sisters of charity, to nurse its men : our Army had none. Sir William Russell, the famous war-correspondent, in his letters to the *Times*, described

the terrible sufferings of our men from cold, hunger, and want of proper nursing. Then came such an outburst of national anger as none of us is likely to see again. Out of it all, arose the work of Florence Nightingale, Sidney Herbert, and Edmund Parkes. It was not only under the conditions of War that the health of the Army was neglected, it was also under the conditions of Peace : the death-rate in London barracks, year in year out, from the spread of consumption and of epidemic diseases, was a black disgrace to the nation. Moreover, it was not only Army nursing that needed reform, it was all nursing : hospital nursing, private nursing, infirmary nursing. By the devotion of these three reformers, a clean sweep was made of old abuses ; and all that you now think of as good nursing, and all proper care for the health and comfort of our sailors and soldiers, began to be part of our national life.

In the Franco-German War of 1870-71, our country stood aside : we gave charity, but no help, to France : we watched the overwhelming defeat of her Army, the surrender of Sedan, the surrender of Metz, the siege of Paris. In that cruel winter we learned to reverence France, watching the long-drawn misery of the siege, the sorties which failed, the starvation which thinned Paris down to skin and bone, the pitiful destitution of her women and children, the divine courage which held on and on to the very last moment, and would even jest at its

own pain. Talk of "works of genius," pictures and poetry and music—here was a work of the genius of France, thus to endure the siege of Paris.

After that War, France, wounded and impoverished, and despoiled of Alsace and Lorraine, recovered more quickly than it had seemed possible. When Napoleon III. surrendered himself at Sedan, she had proclaimed the Republic: and so soon as the Germans were gone out of her, she set herself to make good her loss of wealth and of power. But the years after the War brought many difficulties to her, and some failings. If it be in any way reasonable to talk of nations as we talk of individuals, it might be not unreasonable to compare France, during those years, to a patient slowly convalescent after a long and nearly fatal illness. We say of him that he is not yet himself, not up to the mark; he is nervous and slack. France—it is a danger common to all forms of government, but some people think that it is especially to be feared in a democracy—let many of her affairs fall into the hands of second-rate men, not qualified to administer them wisely; some of whom were tempted to put the interests of their party or of themselves before the interests of the nation. We over here followed with dismay the rise of that mere adventurer General Boulanger; the long terrible scandal of the Dreyfus case; and the bullying and harrying of the Church by the Government. France seemed to be losing the

strength of her hold on the world's reverence : she was in want of great leaders in politics : she had Pasteur, Rodin, and Rostand in science, art, and literature, but there was room for more : she seemed rather to be marking time than to be going forward.

Then a miracle happened. Miracles, we are told, do not happen : but this one did. The air began to clear, all of itself : the standard of political thought began to go up, all of itself : men and women, all of themselves, began to desire a more temperate, patriotic, and spiritual enjoyment of national life. If you would rather not call it a miracle, you can call it a reaction, or a revival, or a reversion, or any other *re-* that you like : whatever it was, it happened. There is a full account of it, under all its many aspects, in M. l'Abbé Dimnet's book, *France Herself Again*. Miracles are not bound to happen in a hurry, to be over and done with, complete, ready-made, like a clockwork toy : France did not leave off being France : all that we know is that her genius rose again, bringing on its wings a gift of wisdom and of patriotism. This change began long before the present War : and I see no reason to doubt that Heaven was thus preparing France to face, and beat, Germany : for I cannot see any other explanation or guess large enough to cover all the facts of the case.¹

¹ "For some years past," says Mr. Buchan, "there had been a remarkable revival in the country of what we may call a religious nationalism. The old shallow secularism was losing its grip. At the moment she led the world in philosophy, and the teaching of men like M. Bergson and Henri Poincaré was

It is now or never for France. She is up against the utmost fury of her old enemy, up against plans worked-at for years, and colossal stores of munitions accumulated for years. If she were to go under, there would be an end of her ideals. Alsace and Lorraine would remain lost to her past hope. German garrisons would be planted along her northern coast : Dunkirk, Calais, Boulogne, Cherbourg, Havre, would be fortified bases for some attempt to invade England. German interference, meddlesome and stupid, would worry the life out of her : the touch of German hands would defile her sacred places, her treasures of

in the direction of a rational humility before the mysteries of the spirit. . . . The spirit of France can best be described in the words of Maurice Barrès as a 'grave enthusiasm, a disciplined exaltation.' It was the temper which wins battles, for it was unbreakable. . . . France awoke to a consciousness of her past. In all this there was no violent reversal of things, no leaning to a sectional aim, nothing of Boulangism, or Royalism, or Clericalism. She became catholic in the broadest sense, zealous to maintain her republican freedom and her post in the forefront of intellectual liberty, but not less zealous for that delicate spiritual heritage which is independent of change in creeds and churches. A *Credo* written by M. Henri Lavedan gives expression to the ardent faith of this new France, which was no less the old France :—

'I believe in the courage of our soldiers and the skill and devotion of our leaders. I believe in the power of right, in the crusade of civilization, in France, the eternal, the imperishable, the essential. I believe in the reward of suffering and the worth of hope. I believe in confidence, in quiet thought, in the humble daily round, in discipline, in charity militant. I believe in the blood of wounds and the water of benediction ; in the blaze of artillery and the flame of the votive candle ; in the beads of the rosary. I believe in the hallowed vows of the old, and in the potent innocence of children. I believe in women's prayers, in the sleepless heroism of the wife, in the calm piety of the mother, in the purity of our cause, in the stainless glory of our flag. I believe in our great past, in our great present, in our greater future. I believe in our countrymen, the living and the dead. I believe in the hands clenched for battle, and in the hands clasped for prayer. I believe in ourselves. I believe in God. I believe. I believe.'—Buchan's *History of the War*, chap. xxii.

art, her civilization. If it were possible for nations, as it unhappily is for individuals, to make away with themselves, surely France would kill herself, sooner than yield herself to Germany.

It will not happen. But why not? What will stop Germany from advancing farther, and will finally turn the Germans out of France? To answer this question we must make the venture of faith. We must have faith in what Stevenson calls *the ultimate decency of things*. There is a fine phrase, a sermon in five words. Even those of us who say that they have no sort or kind of religious belief one way or the other, would hardly say that they do not believe in the ultimate decency of things. This faith, which is altogether reasonable, and is free from the very faintest shadow of superstition, sets a limit to the old saying, that Providence is on the side of the big battalions. It does not give the lie to that saying: but it sets a limit to it. Of course, Providence is on the side of the big battalions; but Providence is just as much, and more, on the side of the ultimate decency of things.

If faith is ever to make any venture at all—if she is not to sit perpetually indoors, with her feet on the fender—she must make this venture. If we only get her so far as that, we shall be able to be sure that France—after many afflictions, and heart-rending loss of lives, and pouring-out like water of the nation's strength—will win. It is against all that we know

or guess or imagine of Providence, that France in this War should go under. She passed in 1870-71 through the valley of humiliation: it is Germany's turn, now, to pass through that valley. The ultimate decency of things, though it recognizes the power of the big battalions, is not afraid of them: it knows all about them: before they were, it is. If they choose to defy it or deny it, none the less it will have the last word. Germany has insulted it: very well, it will break Germany.

But in this last week of September 1915, the big battalions occupy all the field of our thoughts, and compel us, as it is said somewhere in a Greek play, to put away from us those things which are invisible, and to look at those things which are just in front of our feet. The news from Russia keeps very grave, and shows no signs of lightening. The news from the Dardanelles still withholds from us what we are longing for. In the Western theatre of war, the deadlock is not yet resolved. It is of comfort, now, to read again that covenant which was signed in London, on September 5, 1914, by Sir Edward Grey, M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, and Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador.¹ Japan

¹ Note, that in February 1915, Great Britain, France, and Russia further agreed to "pool their resources." A conference was held in Paris between Mr. Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, M. Ribot, Finance Minister of France, and M. Bark, Finance Minister of Russia. At this conference it was decided that the three Powers should unite their financial resources equally with their military resources, for the purpose of carrying the War to a successful conclusion.

likewise, on October 19 of this present year, assented to it.

DECLARATION

The undersigned duly authorized thereto by the respective Governments hereby declare as follows :—

The British, French, and Russian Governments mutually engage not to conclude peace separately during the present War. The three Governments agree that when terms of peace come to be discussed no one of the Allies will demand terms of peace without the previous agreement of each of the other Allies. In faith whereof the undersigned have signed this Declaration, and have affixed thereto their seals.

Done at London in triplicate the 5th day of September 1914.

E. GREY, his Britannic Majesty's
Secretary of State for Foreign
Affairs.

PAUL CAMBON, Ambassador Extra-
ordinary and Plenipotentiary of
the French Republic.

BENCKENDORFF, Ambassador Extra-
ordinary and Plenipotentiary of
his Majesty the Emperor of
Russia.

Of the greatness of France in this War, who is poet enough to tell? Knowing the spirit of her Army, her Government, her people, this we know, that we have nothing to teach to France. Knowing how strikes and drink have damaged the fortunes of our country, we rather look to France to teach us. France has stopped the sale of absinthe: our country has done nothing to equal that. France is not,

hindered and bewildered, as our country is, by frequent strikes and rumours of strikes. Is it really France who is the woman, and England who is the man? Perhaps it would help us to have that new design of John Bull. It does not help us to supplement him with Britannia. For she is the Spirit of the Navy : which is not in all of us, but only in the elect. We have put her on our least valuable coins, doing nothing, with this proud motto encircling her, *One Penny*. Her undying care for us is on the seas, far away from the uses which we make of her effigy. She is for them who deserve her and work for her, who at sea are saving us on land from invasion. We islanders talk sometimes in a fanciful way, as if the sea of itself protected us. We quote Shakspeare :—

This fortress, built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of War ;
This happy breed of men, this little world ;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands.

The sea, if our Fleet had left it to itself, would have compelled us to be invaded and overwhelmed a year ago. We, who have the greatest Fleet in the world to serve us in the office of a wall, can hardly imagine what it must be, to have for a frontier a line on a map, and to be invaded by the mere

crossing of that line. In her record of suffering, France surpasses us. In everything else, in all the conduct of the War, France and England, thank Heaven, are keeping not two records, but one.

Strange, now, to come on the ill-judged opinions which our country had of France in Napoleon's time. Here are two sentences from one of De Quincey's essays :—

The French, in whom the lower forms of passion are constantly bubbling up from the shallow and superficial character of their feelings, have appropriated all the phrases of passion to the service of trivial and ordinary life. In France, *Ciel!* and *Oh mon Dieu!* are uttered by every woman if a mouse does but run across the floor.

Thus did our forefathers misjudge France ; and thus has Germany misjudged her. Shallow and superficial they thought her, who is bearing so bravely the colossal burden of the War. There is more depth in her wit than in all the solemnity at which it mocks : and there is more saving grace in her laughter through tears than in all the pride of the German Army. It seems that Raphael, not long before his death, painted a portrait of her, as she now is ; you will find it in the Louvre : he called it Saint Margaret, but the right name for it is France Quand Même. Look well at this picture of Saint Margaret when you are in Paris : admire her dignity, her quiet confidence,

her simplicity, her beauty : it is the very image of France Herself Again. She carries the emblem of martyrdom : so does France. She has the dragon under her feet : so will France, after the War, have the dragon under her feet.

V

RUSSIA

THE only use of these essays is to put you on the way to something better. They are preliminary ; that is to say, they are threshold things, lying on the doorsteps of the house of History. You, when you stand inside that house, will find books about the War, more than enough for the life-time of Methuselah : and you may decide not to study everything at once, but to limit your reading to one nation. If that be your mind, I advise you to choose Russia : and that you may gain, quickly and happily, some insight into Russian life, read, to begin with, the writings of Mr. Stephen Graham. There are books written by tourists, which die before you can get to them : and there are books written by travellers, which endure : and Mr. Stephen Graham is a traveller. His home is in the heart of Russia—not her geographical interior, but the hopes and fears of her people,—for he is in love with her ; and, like all true lovers, he makes us envious of him. And there is Mr. Nevinson ; he,

too, is a born traveller ; he is in love with Freedom wherever he finds her ; and most in love with her where he finds not her, but the want of her : which is what he found in Russia ten years ago. And there is Dr. Mackail's little paper-covered book, price twopence, *Russia's Gift to the World* ; one of the best of books. Begin with these, and they will soon surround you with more : for books call to books, as it were by wireless telegraphy. If you are wanting a "special subject," you could hardly do better than to take up Russia. Let him or her who will, take up any other nation ; and let him or her who can, take up Germany : you take up Russia. You will find, after the War, plenty of use for your knowledge.

You must learn, if it be only in outline, the early history of Russia : you must have some pictures in your mind of the founders and builders of the Russian Empire. Here Dean Stanley is a most pleasant guide. It was said of another famous Dean that he could make poetry out of a broomstick : Stanley could make it out of history. Add, to the twopence for Dr. Mackail's book, a shilling for Stanley's lectures on the Eastern Church, published in *Everyman's Library* : read the last hundred pages, the four lectures on the history of the Russian Church. It is wonderful, how he makes the past live, and the men who were mere names be flesh and blood again. Of course, as he is writing only of the Russian Church,

he does not begin at the very beginning of Russia : but he begins quite early enough, with the legend of Saint Andrew, on his way from Asia Minor to Rome, passing through Scythia, and setting up, where Kieff now is, the sign of the Cross. From legend he goes on to history, to the chronicles of Nestor of Kieff, who lived in the time of our William the Conqueror. We are not the only nation that has had the advantages of a Norman Conquest. Rurik the Norseman, in 862, made his way by the Baltic into Russia, and founded his kingdom there, with Novgorod for its chief place : and after him was Vladimir, with whom the Russian Church comes into history, as the French Church comes with Clovis, and the English Church with Ethelbert. By the time of Vladimir, the chief place of the kingdom was Kieff, not Novgorod. In 988, Vladimir was "converted"—read the amazing story of his conversion, which justifies this use of inverted commata—and was baptized, and compelled the people of Kieff to follow his example. Their big wooden idol, which was called Peroun, was tied to a horse's tail, dragged over the hills, and thrown into the river : and all the people of Kieff were baptized by immersion in the river, then and there.

Not long after this Vladimir comes Vladimir II., whose wife was a daughter of our King Harold, and whose son, it is said, was the founder of Moscow ; the one city which some of us desire, above all other cities, to see before we die or are too old for sight-

seeing — “the city of innumerable churches, of everlasting bells, of endless processions, of palace and church combined, of tombs and thrones, and relics and treasures, and invasions and deliverances, as far back as its history extends.” But the usual way into Russia is through Germany : and after what the Germans have done in this War, we shall hardly care to set foot in their country, even for the happiness of seeing Moscow.

In 1320 Ivan I. made Moscow, instead of Kieff, the chief city of the kingdom. This he did under the advice of Peter the Metropolitan—the Archbishop, as we should call him—who prophesied of the greatness and the power of Moscow, saying that the hands of its princes should be upon the necks of their enemies. Among enemies were the Mongol Tartars, who, for more than a hundred years, had been making their way into Russia, filtering up through the country like water through a sponge, extending and strengthening their hold on it, till they had founded a huge kingdom of their own. They brought with them the types and the habits of the East, and the Mohammedan religion. For two and a half centuries they were masters of the greater part of Russia : Stanley puts the coming of the Mongols at 1205, and their expulsion at 1472 : and they wrought deep and lasting changes in Russia.

As the Mongol Tartars found their way into Russia from the South, so the Germans, the

“Teutonic Knights,” found their way into Russia from the West. Of these Teutonic Knights, I read, in a handy Encyclopædia, as follows : They were a quasi-religious society of German crusaders. They undertook to take care of the sick, to fight against the heathen, to defend the Holy Land, to protect the Church and its servants, and widows and orphans. The distinctive dress was a white cloak bearing a black cross. The organization was closely akin to that of the Hospitallers or of the Templars. The “heathen” against whom they chiefly fought were the natives of the territory between the Vistula and the Gulf of Finland. This “crusade,” begun in 1225, was really a war of conquest, and ended in the almost complete extermination of the “pagans,” whose lands were thereafter occupied by German colonists. The period during which the Teutonic Knights held sway was the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries ; and their rule extended from Pomerania to Narva. From this account of the Teutonic Knights, it appears that they were an early instance of Prussian thoroughness. The influences of Germany have dominated the Baltic provinces of Russia down to the times in which we are living.

Beside Mongol Tartars and Teutonic Knights, other nations had to be reckoned with : the Swedes and the Poles. So early as the thirteenth century, the Swedes came across the Baltic and invaded Russia ; and in 1240 were defeated, on the Neva,

by Alexander, who after that victory was called Alexander Nevsky. The Poles—it is not for the likes of me to put in words the tragedy of Poland. Look at the map of Europe : see how the Poles, having no natural frontiers, have always been in the midst of so many and great dangers. To-day, they are suffering the sevenfold wreckage of their country : but there was a time when Poland was an European Power, able to hold its own against Russia. Stanley, writing some fifty years ago, when Poland was helpless under the despotism of Russia, puts it thus :—

The invasion and expulsion of the Mongols form the first crisis of Russian history ; the invasion and expulsion of the Poles form the second. We are so much accustomed to regard the Russians as the oppressors of the Poles, that we find it difficult to conceive a time when the Poles were the oppressors of the Russians. Our minds are so preoccupied with the Russian partition of Poland, that we almost refuse to believe in the fact that there was once a Polish partition of Russia. Yet so it was ; and neither the civil nor the ecclesiastical history of Russia can be understood without bearing in mind that long family quarrel between the two Slavonic nations, to us so obscure, to them so ingrained, so inveterate, so intelligible.

What was obscure to Stanley is not likely to be clear to us : but he lays stress on the fact that the quarrel was embittered by differences of religion. Russia was of the Eastern Church, the Greek Church : Poland was of the Latin Church, the Church of Rome. Poland was to Russia what Spain was to us in the time of Elizabeth. “ As the deliverance from

the Spanish Armada to the Church and State of England, so was the deliverance from the Polish yoke to the Church and State of Russia."

It is three hundred years since the conflict between Poland and Russia was at its height. Moscow, even Moscow, was attacked and captured by Sigismund, King of Poland : it was recaptured by the Russians in 1613, and slowly the Poles were driven back out of Russia. From that time the fortunes of Poland began to fall. Her monarchy went by election, not by inheritance : great power was in the hands of her ruling class, her nobles : and they were often at variance among themselves. The Turks and the Swedes invaded Poland : and the Poles had to make peace with them on disastrous terms. The Cossacks transferred their allegiance from Poland to Russia. Later, the election of the King of Poland came to be decided, not so much by her, as for her, by Russia or by Sweden : he might be an outsider, useful to them, useless to her : Henri III., for example, that king of shreds and patches who disgraced the throne of France, was, for a time, King of Poland. All round Poland lay Russia, Prussia, and Austria, like the narrowing circle of the robbers encompassing the nun in the play of *The Miracle*, watching every move that she made or attempted. Nature had given her no proper frontiers : she was exposed to be robbed. The end of her freedom came in 1772, when these three accomplices divided Poland between

them. For a few years more she was permitted to have some sort of a king, and made one last effort to set her house in order : but again in 1793, and finally in 1795, these three settled the partition of Poland, so much of her country to each of them : and further adjustments, in 1814 and 1860, merely emphasized the fact that nothing was left of her. In the present War, Russia has solemnly vowed to restore to her a great measure of independence. Germany, it goes without saying, has made a similar offer. Meanwhile, all that was Poland is trampled down and soaked with blood, her people killed or fled or starved, her harvest destroyed, her places wrecked. The Poles in this War have suffered as heavily as the Belgians. What can be left of them to be brought to national life again ?

Between the expulsion of the Poles out of Russia in the seventeenth century, and the partition of Poland in the eighteenth century, comes the time of Peter the Great, the maker of that Russia which now is. He forced his people into new ways. Out of mediæval Russia he created the beginnings of modern Russia. For the sign of his purposes he founded, in 1705, St. Petersburg, now called Petrograd. He took from Moscow the seat of Government : he must have a new capital for a new Imperial policy : he must display to all mankind the ideal of Russia in Europe, the turning round of the nation, no longer looking inward to the East, but looking outward to

the West. Moscow, through four centuries, had been everything to them. The makers of Russian history in that long stretch of time—Ivan I. and Peter the Metropolitan ; Alexander Nevsky ; Ivan III., whose wife was a niece of the last of the Eastern Emperors ; Ivan IV., the Terrible, who for thirteen years of his reign was all that he ought to be, and then, by some devilry of insanity, was possessed of insatiable cruelty ; Boris Godounóff ; Alexis, and Nikon the Patriarch ; Michael Romanoff, the first of the present Imperial line—all of them belong to the history of Moscow, the history of the Russia of the Middle Ages. Then comes Peter the Great : one of the most amazing figures that have ever trod the stage of the world. Read what Stanley has written of him :—

Look at him, as he presents himself in the gallery of the portraits of the Czars. From Ivan the Terrible, each follows each, in grotesque barbaric costume half Venetian, half Tartar, till suddenly, without the slightest preparation, Peter breaks in amongst them, in the full uniform of the Russian soldier. The ancient Czars vanish to appear no more, and Peter remains with us, occupying henceforward the whole horizon. Countenance, and stature, and manner, and pursuits are absolutely kept alive in our sight. We see the upturned look, the long black hair falling back from his fine forehead, the fierce eyes glancing from beneath the overhanging brows, the mouth clothed with indomitable power. . . .

Taken as a whole, Russia was, with many noble elements, a wild Oriental people, ruled by a court wrapped round and round in Oriental ceremonial. What must the man have been, who,

born and bred in this atmosphere, conceived, and by one tremendous wrench, almost by his own manual labour and his own sole gigantic strength, executed the prodigious idea of dragging the nation, against its will, into the light of Europe, and erecting a new capital and a new Empire amongst the cities and the kingdoms of the world ! . . .

And the change from Moscow to St. Petersburg is but a symbol of the revolution effected in the whole Empire by the power of Peter. For better for worse, he created army, navy, law, dress, amusements, alphabet, some in part, some altogether, anew. Much that was superficial, much that was false, much that broke out, under his successors, into frightful corruption and depravity, at least of the higher classes, came in with the Western changes. But whatever hopes for the world or the Church are bound up with the civilization of the West, did penetrate into Russia through Peter and through no one else. . . .

So unlike the rest of his dynasty, suddenly appears this man, bursting with brutal passions, as if all the extravagances of the family had been pent up to break forth in him. And yet in this savage, drunken and licentious, the victim of ungovernable fury, arose this burning desire for civilization. His very violence was used to promote his end. Literally, not metaphorically, by blows, by kicks, by cuffs, he goaded his unwilling people forward.

The later history of Russia ; the conflicts with Sweden and with Prussia ; Napoleon's invasion of Russia, and the Retreat from Moscow ; and the Crimean War—these must be read in proper history-books. This essay is nothing more than a sign-post. And one thing only is required of a man who puts up a sign-post, that he should paint it plain and set it straight. He is not expected to be either an artist or a geographer.

We come toward the study of the War, most of us, knowing more about France, Italy, and Germany than we know about Russia. Indeed, many of us are old enough to remember what may be called the Discovery of Russia. Thinking over my childhood and boyhood, I cannot remember that my teachers showed any interest in the Russians, or appeared to take them seriously. We had a Russian school-fellow, but he roused in us little curiosity, and no friendliness : rather, he was avoided as something uncanny. As a child, I learned at home to reverence the names of Florence Nightingale and Sidney Herbert, and just heard of the Alma and of Inkermann : but the talk, so far as it got into me, seemed all of it island talk : the Russians, I had it on the authority of my parents, did exist : but they had only peeped above the horizon of our home life : and they went down again with the going down of Sebastopol. In 1861, they again became visible : that was the year of the Liberation of the Serfs. In 1877, I think, they came to stay. That was the year of the Russo-Turkish War : it was expected that Great Britain would enter the War on the side of Turkey : and a music-hall song—if it could be called a song, with a tune as vulgar as the words—came into vogue among the lovers of music-halls :—

We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do,

We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money

too :

We've fought the Bear before ; and while we're Britons true,
The Russians shall not have Constantinople.

From this song came the use of the terms *Jingo* and *Jingoism*, to denote cheap and noisy patriotism.

Reckoning by music-hall politics, we might say that 1877 is the date of our Discovery of Russia. But all such discoveries have more than one source, and like a river are enriched by many tributary streams. To quiet folk who distrust music-halls, it may seem more reasonable to say that we discovered Russia when we discovered her writers, artists, musicians, and men of science : Tolstoi, Verestchagin, Tschaikovsky, Mendeleeff, Metchnikoff, and other interpreters of the intellect and the temperament of her people. Especially, the novels of Tolstoi were a discovery of the highest magnitude. It was like the old pictures of the two spies bringing the sample bunch of grapes from the Promised Land, so big that they have to carry it on a pole between them : so Tolstoi's novels, brought to us by a translator at one end of the pole and a publisher at the other, revealed the fruitfulness of the vine of Russian literature. Besides, he was not only one of the greatest of all novelists, he was also a prophet, a preacher, a reformer : he set himself to be *servus servorum*, to forgo privilege and ease, to imitate closely the example of Christ : he seemed, to many of us, to have come straight out of the Bible, a latter-day Elijah against Ahab or John Baptist against Herod, a man absolutely fearless

through and through, the friend of the poor against the tyranny of the Government. It does not here concern us how far he got on his quest of the Kingdom of God, nor what spiritual adventures he had before he died : the point is, that his novels, such masterpieces as *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace*, and his later writings of religion, and his love of the poor, and the whole example of his life, made him known, one way or another, not only to the man in the street, but to the man in the back-street.

Do not think that they who admire Russian literature, Russian art, Russian music, are merely the ultra-refined amateurs, or the little ring of critics. It goes much deeper than that, and much wider. To see how deep and how wide, go to a Queen's Hall Promenade Concert—if you have the inestimable advantage of being a Londoner—some evening when the 1812 Overture is played : and, as you watch the music with your ears, watch the audience with your eyes. Lately, Russian opera has come to London, and has received a great welcome : and so has the Russian ballet. Perhaps, in our modern restlessness, we gave this most un-British entertainment more of a welcome than we ought. Dancing, as an art, is of less dignity and less value than other arts : and the efforts of this or that amateur performer, to “interpret,” by dancing, this or that state of mind, are sad failures. Dancing—whatever it may have been when the world was young—should be regarded

now rather as a gracious exercise than as an art : and, as an exercise, it ought to be both companionable and respectable. The harm began with the daughter of Herodias : and the pity of it is, that it did not stop there. Happily, the one Russian ballet which was not only indecent, but hopelessly vulgar, the *Légende de Joseph*, is not real Russian, but German. And, at any rate, the War has put the Russian ballet out of our heads : and we can look back to it as part and parcel of the Discovery of Russia.

But the arts of Russia are not so significant as the long and bloody struggle between her revolutionists and her Government. Our people have not in them the makings of such tragedy as that : our Fenians and our dynamiters were poor ineffectual figures, if you compare them with Russian Nihilism, the deadly earnest of the Russian intellectuals, the thinkers, the students—many of whom were boys and girls just come from the universities. We have neither such grievances as theirs, nor such a Government as theirs. The freedom of the press, freedom of speech, local self-government, freedom of religion, the land for the people, and a Parliament that should represent the people—these were the ideals of the revolutionists, and were more sacred to them than life itself. Against them the Government put forth all its terrors. Among them were some of the best hope of Russia, the men and women who would lay down their lives for her. It will not hurt us to call

them martyrs⁴—which is nothing but the Greek word for witnesses, and they bore witness to a good cause, and suffered for it—but we must think of them as martyrs armed with revolvers and dynamite, among whose victims was the Czar himself. Attempt after attempt was made by them to murder him and any who might happen to be with him: we read of these attempts, and abhorred the very name of Nihilism: and at last they tracked him down and murdered him, with dynamite bombs, in the streets of St. Petersburg, on March 13, 1881. The Government fought plot with counterplot, assassination with repression: and many cities and districts of Russia endured the bitterness not of one Reign of Terror, but of two.

Later, in 1904, came the Russo-Japanese War. It arose out of Russia's design to extend her power in the Pacific, using Port Arthur as a naval base in connection with the Trans-Siberian railway. "It wasted," says Mr. Nevinson, "many millions of money. . . . It kept from their work in fields and factories about a million grown men, who had to be fed and clothed, however badly, by the rest of the population; and it killed or maimed some two or three hundred thousand of them. Otherwise, the war can hardly be said to have concerned the Russian people any more than ourselves, so general was their indifference both to its cause and to its failure. 'It is not our war, it is the Government's affair,' was

the common saying." From beginning to end, it was one disaster after another. The Japanese, not waiting for the usual formal declaration of War, drove their fleet against the Russian vessels off Port Arthur, and wrecked many of them : later, they wrecked more. The tremendous operations of the siege of Port Arthur brought about its surrender on January 2, 1905. In March came the overwhelming defeat of the Russians at Mukden. Long before Mukden, in October 1904, Russia had started on that desperate and bewildering enterprise, the voyage of the Baltic Fleet half round the world. It seemed as if she were still a mediæval nation, thus to be sending battleships on a seven months' voyage. Off the Dogger Bank, a crowd of British trawlers was mistaken, by this amazing Armada, for Japanese torpedo-boats, and was fired on. Lumbering over the seas, month after month, the Russian Fleet came, at last, on May 27, 1905, to the Straits of Tsushima, between Korea and Japan : and there the Japanese Fleet, under Admiral Togo, fell on it, and destroyed it.

Dates, which mostly are so unkind to us, yet are thoughtful enough, now and again, to arrange themselves in couplets or triplets, for convenience of learning. It is absurd to talk of learning dates "by heart." Poetry and music we can learn by heart, because they have hearts of their own—*Cor ad cor loquitur*—but dates are altogether heartless, and are to be learned by jingles and tricks. In Russian

history, we have 1205, 1705, and 1905 : to remember one is to remember all three. The first is for the beginning of the coming of the Mongols : the second is for the founding of St. Petersburg : the third is for the ending of the Russo-Japanese War.

But that was not the only event of 1905. The revolutionists had been at work, year in year out, extending their influences far and wide among the masses of the people. The revolutionary spirit, in the time of the Nihilists, had not gone far outside the educated classes, the students, the journalists, the professional class. But they had steadily set themselves to bring-in the labouring classes, the workpeople, the peasants : they had made it the business of their lives to stir the nation to feel its wrongs and demand its rights : the whole nation was prepared, at last, to speak up for itself. Take this year, 1905, as if it were *Finis* written at the end of a volume of Russian history which then was closed and put away, and Heaven be praised for that. The Government were face to face with inevitable defeat abroad, and with universal disquietude at home. Promising to the people a great measure of reform—and this promise was fulfilled—they yet brought out against them, for the last time, the rusty old weapons of absolutism. We over here are not likely to forget Sunday, January 22, 1905, "Bloody Sunday." There was a huge demonstration of some 15,000 poor folk in St. Petersburg, to present a

petition to the Czar, asking him to create a national Parliament :—

We workmen come to you for truth and protection. We have reached the extreme limits of endurance. We have been exploited, and shall continue to be exploited, under your bureaucracy. . . . We have no voice in the heavy burdens imposed on us. We do not even know for whom, or why, this money is wrung from the impoverished people, and we do not know how it is expended. . . . Throw down the wall that separates you from your people. Russia is too great and her needs are too various for officials to rule. National representation is essential, for the people alone know their own needs. . . . If you do not reply to our prayer, we will die in this square before your palace. We have nowhere else to go. Only two paths are open to us—to liberty and happiness, or to the grave. Should our lives serve as the offering of suffering Russia, we shall not regret the sacrifice, but endure it willingly.

Oh, they were warned : you can see that, by what they say in this bold petition : they were told that the thing would not be allowed. Men, women, and children, in their Sunday clothes, headed by priests with pictures of saints and a portrait of the Czar, and all of them singing *God save our people, God give our Orthodox Czar the victory*—what harm were they doing, and what harm could happen to them ? In the great square, suddenly, from three sides, volleys were fired into them : it is said that 1500 were killed or wounded. Bloody Sunday, indeed : then came the revolution, the street-fighting in Moscow and elsewhere, the colossal strikes, the riots in country

districts ; and the brutal "measures of repression" in many cities and small towns, and in the Baltic Provinces, and in Poland. Thousands of men and women were imprisoned, sent to Siberia, hanged, flogged, or shot. But the savagery of these methods was too bad to last long : the disgrace of them put an end to them. In August, the Czar issued his proclamation for a national Parliament, of representatives elected from all parts of Russia, "to take a constant and active part in the elaboration of the laws." This Parliament, the Duma, held its first meeting in May 1906. Thus the friends of the Revolution had neither lived nor died in vain.

During the past autumn, we have been watching, with grave anxiety, the retreat of the Russian Army, and the danger of its fortunes. Warsaw, Novo Georgiewsk, Kovno, Brest Litowsk, Vilna, have passed into the enemy's hands. The naval victory in the Gulf of Riga brought relief from the steady flow of bad news : and, during the last few weeks, we have been able to believe thankfully that on land Germany and Austria have "almost shot their last bolt" against Russia. Their superiority has been in numbers and in munitions : not in strategy, nor in fighting, nor in self-devotion. Happen what may before the end of this year, Russia is beginning to renew her strength—*If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?*

Judge the contrast between 1905 and 1915. It

is put vividly in Buchan's History. Russia, in 1905, "had been fighting half-heartedly for a cause which she neither liked nor understood : and thereafter came that welter of disorder, that ill-led scramble for liberties, which often follows an unsuccessful and unpopular campaign." In 1915 she is fighting whole-heartedly—"a bewildering array of figures : Finn and Tartar, Caucasian and Mongol, Buriats and Samoyedes and Kirghiz and Turcomans, fighting side by side with the more normal types of Russia proper." The party of the Revolution, when the War came, were loyal to their country's claim on them : "the student class, formerly the nursery of revolutions, was foremost in offering its services, and accepted joyfully the repeal of the laws which gave it freedom from conscription." The commanding officers, naval and military, were men of authority : "there was no trace of the scandals of the Russo-Japanese War. Competence was the rule, not the exception. . . . In the phrase once used of a great English general, they were 'patient, hardy, and merciful,' and higher praise cannot be given to a soldier. We see this spirit in the dignity and candour of their official *communiqués*. There was no boasting, and no empty heroics ; they told the truth, not exaggerating triumphs or minimizing disasters." In 1905, the very foundations of Government were loosened : in 1915, the Czar is as safe on his throne and in the love of his people as our own King in his.

Never in the history of Russia have there been ten years more full of promise. If it be reasonable to believe that Providence has been preparing France to face and beat Germany in this War, it is not less reasonable to believe the same of Russia.

See what good plastic stuff Providence had in its hands, to work-up into that Russia which now is. It had a nation which believes in Providence : believes passionately, heart and soul. Let one of the best-known Russians in England, Dr. Vinogradoff, Professor of Jurisprudence in Oxford, speak for them :—

These simple people cling to the belief that there is something else in God's world besides toil and greed ; they flock towards the Light, and find in it the justification of their human craving for peace and mercy. For the Russian people have the Christian virtue of patience in suffering.

It had a Government tired of its own harshness and ashamed of its own past. And it had that mystical unity, between the Czar and his people, which we in England, loyal though we are, can hardly measure or understand. Think what it means, that the Czar, at the onset of the War, took away from his people, by Imperial proclamation, the temptation of drink. He prohibited the sale of vodka : he did it with a stroke of the pen. Before the War, drunkenness was even worse in Russia than it is in our country. Suddenly every vodka-shop was shut, every restaurant and every railway-buffet was for-

bidden to sell vodka. In the early days of the War, Mr. Stephen Graham tells us, "it was a commonplace, to thank God for the German declaration of War ; it had closed as if by magic every spirit-shop in Russia and Siberia. It had liberated town and countryside from the dreariness of drink." Ten weeks after this proclamation, a great petition was presented to the Czar, asking him to prohibit the sale of vodka not only during the War, but after the War : and he answered, "I had already decided on total prohibition before I read your petition."

Take Mr. Stephen Graham for your guide, if you want to learn what Russia is. You will live to see what she will be. And here let him have the last word. It is what he wrote early in the War, long before the bad time of the Russian retreat : but it will come true, whatever reverses Russia may have to endure :—

The whole atmosphere is one of eagerness and optimism. They are full of thankfulness for the things the War has brought to Russia—national enthusiasm, national tenderness, national temperance, and moral unanimity. The War has closed the vodka-shop ; it has healed the age-long fratricidal strife with Poland ; it has shown to the world and to themselves the simple strength and bravery of the Russian soldiers, and the new sobriety and efficiency of their officers. It has, in fact, given a real future to Russia to think about ; it has shed, as from a great lamp, light on the great road of Russian destiny. Russians have always dimly divined that they were a young nation of genius, they have held faith in themselves despite dark hours ; but now they feel confirmed and certain of their destiny, of their progress from being

an ill-cemented patchwork of countries to being a single body, feeling in all limbs the beat of a single heart ; of their progress from quietness and vast illiteracy to being confident possessors of a great strong voice in the counsels of nations ; of their progress from denial and anarchism and individual obstinacy to affirmation, co-operation, and readiness to serve. As nations go, Britain is like a man of forty-five, Germany like a man of thirty, but Russia like a genius who is just eighteen.

VI

ITALY

THOSE of us who have been in Italy, when we write the name at the top of a sheet of paper, and draw a line under it, mostly stop, and fall to thinking of what we have seen there, and of holidays that were good above all others. The names of Italian cities set us longing to be in them again, up and down their streets and their back-streets, in and out of their churches, palaces, picture-galleries, and gardens. The colour of the Italian lakes and the Italian sky, the look of cypresses and olive-woods and orange-trees, the musical sound of the language, the presence everywhere of delightful and wonderful works of art—that is what Italy is to us ; and more than that. For, in Italy, the past is not less vivid, to those who love Italy, than the present ; and we people the streets, in imagination, with men and women who died long ago. In Rome, the streets are full of this kind of ghosts, some of them more than two thousand years old : one is constantly meeting them—if only one

could see them—in the Forum, or on the Palatine Hill. Of course, even in London, you can play this game of ghosts with unfailing success. The Tower, the Abbey, Cheapside, and the old city churches, are fine places for it : you can people them so thick that your imagination hardly has room to move. But of all cities for playing ghosts in, Rome is far and away the best. For Cæsar never was in London, nor Saint Paul : indeed, there was no London fit for them to be in. We were a wild people when Rome was already the Eternal City : we were a newly discovered island, accessible from the coast of Gaul.

What we were like, and how many there were of us, Rome neither knew nor cared. She had found us : it amused her to find us : and it might be worth her while to take over this outlandish tribe. For it might pay her—with so many galleys lying idle at Ostia—to open up the country : she might find in it something worth having ; iron, tin, slaves. So she marked us on her maps, and sent officers and magistrates to make what they could of us : and it is probable that they cursed our weather and our habits, and wished themselves back in Rome. That is how we began. And when you are in Rome, you will find yourself wanting to go down on your knees in her presence : for she ruled the world when England was a country of barbarians, and London was a nest of their wigwams.

As it was with us, so it was with France, Germany,

and Austria : barbarians, all of them, to be held down, exploited, and used by Rome. Good fighting men, in some of these tribes : but other tribes were easier to deal with. There was one of them in the Orient, called Judæa. Rome had taken it over : there had been a little difficulty, some time before, with a set which called itself the Maccabeans : but that had come to nothing : and the people were a quiet lot, agricultural : but a poor country, not much to be made of it. The usual thing : one or two native kings, and a coast-line with little trading-places and harbours, which would hold a few galleys : and one fair-sized native town, called Hierosolyma, or some name like that. A curious people they seem to be, said Rome : they believe that some wonderful person is coming to help them : and there is a big temple in their chief town, to the local deity : it is reported to be ugly but interesting. Oh, not a bad country, if we put a capable man in charge of it, who would squeeze something out of it : and not a bad climate, either. But we really want more details, more facts : we don't even know what the population amounts to : we ought to take a census of them, and not only them, but other tribes : we really ought to know the population of each country. "There went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria. And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city."

Thirty-three years later—think of it as Rome, if she heard of it, would have thought of it—there was a day's disturbance, in the native town, over somebody calling himself the king of the people. Nothing else against him : on the contrary, he was a man of remarkable dignity, with a curious power of healing : but he called himself the king : and the people resented that, and quite right too. The case had to be heard at once, or the town would have got out of hand. Ought it to go before the real king of the country, or before the Roman governor? "When Pilate heard of Galilee, he asked whether the man were a Galilean. And as soon as he knew that he belonged unto Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him unto Herod. And Herod with his men of war set him at nought, and mocked him, and arrayed him in a gorgeous robe, and sent him again to Pilate." The case—if Pilate ever troubled to report it to the Roman Senate—was of no concern to Rome. These native kings, said Rome, are all like that ; no stuff in them : you can't do anything with them. Pilate had sentenced the man : and there was an end of the matter. Some day it might be necessary to send an expedition there. And this was done, later : and the people were reduced, once and for all, and their temple was destroyed ; and many of them were brought slaves to Rome, and set to build the Coliseum.

Time, we say, works wonders : a stupid phrase,

for Time works nothing, and is nothing but a way of measuring what happens : still, there the phrase is. The Roman soldiers, when they moored their galleys somewhere off Pevensey, did not foresee what would come of that unearthing of one more tribe of barbarians. Pilate, when he washed his hands of our Lord's death, did not foresee what would come of that morning's work. But the two instances tell something of what Rome was : and the ghosts of her old senators and her men of business are still walking the Forum, reading the *Acta Diurna*, and saying that there is no news of any importance.

Take another point of view. Rome, above all cities of the world, represents the Catholic Church. Age after age, the authority of the Papacy profoundly influenced Europe : "the course of European revolution," says Stanley, "for nearly a thousand years, moves round the throne of the Papacy" : and, for all that we really are able to know to the contrary—though appearances now are dead against it—what has once happened to Europe may happen, in some new form, again. The temporal power of the Papacy has gone : but the spiritual power may be waiting for some far-off change—it may be many centuries off—in the world's fortunes. Consider this possibility—though it is not the time, now, to think of the possibility of any future War—but consider how men used to talk, a few years ago, of "the Yellow Peril" ; the fear of ultimate War

between all Europe and the Far East. The talk was wholly vague : we imagined the East coming West, as we imagined the earth being too cold, at last, to sustain life ; or the supply of coal soon vanishing at the present rate of use. Still, as it is a fact that the earth is cooling down, and as it is a fact that the supply of coal is limited, so it is a fact that the East tends to come West. Imagine it possible, though not in your time, that the East should feel its way into Europe from China, thrusting itself against Western civilization and religion. What our civilization will be, centuries hence, none can say : but the Chinese, if ever they do come, will certainly find the Catholic Church in Europe, much the same that it is now : and Rome, it may be, will uphold Christianity through that not impossible flooding-in of the East. At present, the Papacy is altogether incapable of any such achievement : but none of us can say what it will or will not be, centuries hence.

Take another point of view. Italy, above all countries of the world, is the richest in great works of art, come down to her through all ages. First, the art of some of her earliest people, the Etruscans : of whom not much is known : but they were far ahead of their time in art. Then, great works of art imported from Greece and from Egypt, loot and treasure-trove. Then Greco-Roman and Roman art and architecture : the endless wealth of sculpture, and the great buildings of temples, theatres, triumphal

arches, baths, aqueducts, whose ruins are the admiration of the world. Then, all Christian art—the output, through fourteen hundred years, from the rough paintings and inscriptions in the catacombs to the work of Raphael and Michael Angelo. No country on the face of the earth can show the like of it. But consider, from this point of view, what results have come to Italy from the world's delight in her. They are nothing to be very proud of. We rush to Italy, those of us who are so fortunate as to have time and money and the love of sight-seeing. We overrun the cities, explore the ruins, browse on the art-galleries : we pour out a never-ceasing flood of sentiment over the glory of the past. We bring with us our luggage and our guide-books, and the dreadful way we try to talk Italian, and our little places of worship all to ourselves, and our longing for a glimpse of the Pope when we are in Rome, and our longing for a cup of afternoon tea wherever we are. But are we really thinking of Italy and loving her, as the Italians are thinking of her and loving her ?

No, we are not. We just are tourists : and the Italians are tired of tourists. We are better tourists than the Germans ; still, we are tourists, come to get, not to give. We are, on the whole, useful : we bring money into the country, but very few of us bring much : besides, it mostly goes to the hotel-keepers, many of whom are not Italians. We are

not very useful : we are not very ornamental : we are out of touch with the present, we care only for the past, in Italy. That is our mistake, and our offence. Suppose that you are staying in a grand country-house : it is set in the midst of fine scenery, it is surrounded by fine gardens, and it is full of rare pictures and statues and furniture. You stay in this magnificent house for three weeks. All that time you please yourself, admiring the scenery, enjoying the gardens, and looking at the treasures of the house. But you neglect your duty to the family, to whom everything belongs : you take no trouble to enter into their thoughts and their work ; you sit mum at their table, fail to follow their talk, have no part in their plans. At the end of the three weeks, you have had a good time ; but you have not endeared yourself to the family. So it is with us in Italy. We have a good time there : but we are not in touch with the life of their people. We admire her past. So do they : but they admire, far more, their present and their future. Italy belongs to them, not to us, and lives and moves in them, not in us. There is a foolish saying that Rome "belongs to the world," because it is such a sacred and wonderful city. Rome belongs to the Italians. And Rome and other cities of Italy are tired of tourists, who "reconstruct" the past, but pay no heed to the work of constructing the present and the future, which is going on all round them.

But what nation has a past which can hold a candle to Italy? Think of the assurance, the authority, the civilization, that we find in Cæsar and in Virgil: think what it means, that Rome, in the time of our Lord, had in the hollow of her hands the known world. Slowly she lost hold of that large and expensive plaything. The Huns and the Vandals and the Goths came upon her: the Empire was divided: there was an Emperor of the East in Byzantium (Constantinople) and an Emperor of the West in Rome. With Charlemagne, came the founding of the Holy Roman Empire, the dual supremacy of the Emperor and the Pope, fashioning between them the main outlines of the history of Europe, as Victor Hugo says, like two players at a game of cards—*l'un délie, et l'autre coupe*. The centre of gravity of affairs was shifted north of the Alps. The Emperor's influence was over Central Europe: but Rome had the wielding of the power of the Papacy, and exercised it, from time to time, not for but against the Emperor. France and England had their own kingdoms, but were of less importance than the Empire, and were mostly at war with each other: Spain was waiting to be linked up to Germany and Austria: and the more remote nations hardly came into European politics. North of the Alps there was the Emperor: south of the Alps there was Italy, not only the abode of the mysterious power of the Papacy, but the chief seat of learning, art, and

science, to whom every nation came to be taught : Italy of the Renaissance, with the makings of a nation in every one of her magnificent cities, but each of them so powerful that all of them were at variance, and all Italy was torn by feuds and intrigues and extravagances, of which the Papacy had its full share.

This crowded hot-blooded life wore itself out. Nations, like individuals, if they overwork themselves, exhaust themselves. The strength of Central Europe, with the linking up of Spain, under Charles V., to Germany and Austria, broke the strength of Italy. There was no hope for her that her cities would be at unity. The long line of her great artists was over and done with. She could not hold out against the massed forces of Germany, Austria, Spain, and France. In 1527 came the sack of Rome : in 1564, with the death of Michael Angelo, came the end of the greatness of Italian art. Music, as it were to console Italy, now had its turn : she found some pleasure in the inventing of operatic music, and in the perfecting of church music ; but a nation cannot live on music. The Reformation in Germany, and the widely extended power of the Turks, were occupying the attention of Europe : and Italy was left for the Emperor to deal with. Milan, Venice, Florence, and the Papal territories, all were subjected to settlement by him : “ a Spanish viceroy in Milan and another in Naples, supported by Rome and by the minor princes who followed the policy dictated

to them from Madrid, were sufficient to preserve the whole peninsula in a state of somnolent inglorious servitude." So writes Dr. Luigi Villari, bitterly enough, of the subjection of his country : and he goes on to describe it more fully :—

From 1530 until 1796, that is, for a period of nearly three centuries, the Italians had no history of their own. Their annals are filled with records of dynastic changes and redistributions of territory, consequent upon treaties signed by foreign powers, in the settlement of quarrels which no wise concerned the people. Italy only too often became the theatre of desolating and distracting wars. But these wars were fought for the most part by alien armies ; the points at issue were decided beyond the Alps ; the gains accrued to royal families whose names were unpronounceable by Southern tongues. The affairs of Europe during the years when Habsburg and Bourbon fought their domestic battles with the blood of noble races may teach grave lessons to all thoughtful men of our days, but none bitterer, none fraught with more insulting recollections, than to the Italian people, who were haggled over like dumb driven cattle in the mart of chaffering kings. We cannot wholly acquit the Italians of their share of blame. When they might have won national independence, after their warfare with the Swabian emperors, they let the golden opportunity slip. Pampered with commercial prosperity, eaten to the core with inter-urban rivalries, they submitted to despots, renounced the use of arms, and offered themselves in the hour of need, defenceless and disunited, to the shock of puissant nations. That they had created modern civilisation for Europe availed them nothing. Italy, intellectually first among the peoples, was now politically and practically last ; and nothing to her historian is more heartrending than to watch the gradual extinction of her spirit in this age of slavery.

The end of this age came with the French Revolution, and with Napoleon. It was in 1796 that he led the first of his campaigns into Italy against the Austrians. He took over Nice and Savoy; and in 1797 set up, in Lombardy and Central Italy, the Cisalpine Republic, and in Genoa the Ligurian Republic. Venice he left in Austrian hands. In the campaign of 1800 he defeated the Austrians at Marengo, and henceforth was master of all Italy. On May 26, 1805, in Milan Cathedral, he crowned himself, with the Lombard iron crown, King of Italy: and on December 2 of that year he defeated the Austrians at Austerlitz. Venice, Istria, and Dalmatia now became part of the Kingdom of Italy: Naples was formed into a separate kingdom, first under his brother Joseph Bonaparte, then under his brother-in-law, Joachim Murat: the Grand-Duchy of Tuscany was given to the husband of his sister, Elisa Bonaparte: and Eugène Beauharnais, his stepson, was appointed viceroy in Italy. These family arrangements are of less importance than his dealings with the Papacy. After the first of his campaigns in Italy, French troops, in 1798, had occupied Rome, and the Pope, Pius VI., had been taken to France and had died there. In 1808 his successor, Pius VII., fared no better. He, in 1804, had crowned Napoleon, in Paris, Emperor: and had crowned a new Charlemagne, stronger than himself. "Your Holiness," Napoleon wrote to him,

“is Sovereign of Rome, but I am its Emperor.” In April 1808 Napoleon annexed to the Kingdom of Italy four of the Papal provinces: in May 1809 he prepared to annex to the French Empire Rome itself. The Pope threatened to excommunicate him: and in answer to that threat he removed the Pope from Rome to Fontainebleau, where he was kept till 1814. With the fall of Napoleon, the Kingdom of Italy fell. He had done great things for Italy, had shaken her out of sleep, had compelled her to look at the meaning of the French Revolution: he had started many undertakings of national work; among them—*si monumentum requiris*—the great roads over Mont Cenis and the Simplon. His despotism and high-handed methods are part of the Napoleonic tradition in Italy: *Il gran ladrone*, that biggest of all thieves, I have heard him called, by the sacristan of a church in Perugia, who was showing us where some of his soldiers had amused themselves by spoiling one of the monuments. But Italy was worse off without him than with him. For, so soon as he was gone, back came Spain and Austria, the Bourbons and the Habsburgs. All the old machinery of the Papacy was wound up and started again: Milan and Venice were put back under Austrian rule: South Italy was given back to its former Bourbon ruler, Ferdinand I., King of Naples. All Italy, with Austrians in the north, and the Papal states in the middle, and Ferdinand in the south,

and a Grand-duke here and a Grand-duke there, was "leased out, like to a tenement"; and was "bound in with shame, with inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds." Instead of the one big thief, there was now a whole den of lesser thieves: and everywhere spies, and police, and a subservient priesthood, and down in the south all the brigands and riff-raff left to their own devices: and after Ferdinand I. came Ferdinand II., that scoundrel, nicknamed Bomba, of whom Mr. Gladstone said that he had "exalted the negation of God into a system of Government."

So bad was the condition of affairs, that Metternich, the chief minister of Austria, said, "Italy is not a people, but a geographical expression." We learned Italy, fifty years ago, as a country on the map, rather the shape of a boot: it was inhabited by Italians, and we knew that the London organ-grinders were Italians, and so were the Piedmontese boys who, in their little goatskin coats, begged in London streets and played hurdy-gurdies: and there our knowledge stopped. There was no Italy: there were only Italians, some of whom were organ-grinders: and there was Rome, still standing: and the Pope of Rome, whose religious opinions were all wrong.

They say that the night is darkest just before the dawn. So it was with Italy. In that darkness her deliverance was wrought, her *Risorgimento*, her rising

from the dead.¹ The four great liberators of Italy were Mazzini the revolutionist, Garibaldi the popular hero, Cavour the statesman, and Victor Emmanuel II., the King of Sardinia. The way was prepared for them by the secret societies which were incessantly undermining the system of Austrian spies and police : especially by the society of the Carbonari in South Italy. Little revolutions, from time to time, flared up in this or that city, and died down. By 1831 Mazzini was at work, and founded the society of "Young Italy" : but he was before his time, and for many years had to live as a fugitive, in Marseilles or in London, working for Italy wherever he was. In 1844 some revolutionists in Northern Italy first managed to touch hands with some in Southern Italy, by a raid on Calabria : but it came to nothing. In March 1848, out of the revolution in Milan, came downright war against the Austrians. The King of Sardinia, Charles Albert, father of Victor Emmanuel, raised a mixed army of Piedmontese, Venetians, Lombards, malcontents from the Papal troops, and stray rebels, and fought the Austrians, in July 1848, at Custozza, and was defeated ; and again at Novara, in March 1849, and again was defeated. The Austrians got back Milan and, after a long siege, Venice : and Charles Albert resigned the kingdom of Sardinia to his son. He had failed, but he could say

¹ Villari gives the name of Risorgimento to the entire period from 1815 to 1870 : fifty-five years : *Tantæ molis erat, Romanam condere gentem*. The name itself came from the title of a newspaper edited by Cavour.

that he had lighted a candle in Italy which by God's grace should not go out. In 1850 Cavour became a member of the new King's ministry, and in 1852 prime minister. In 1852, also, Napoleon III. became Emperor of the French. Under the wise statesmanship of Cavour, the Risorgimento gained ground in the goodwill both of France and of England : Lord John Russell, especially, was a good friend to Italy : and this goodwill was quickened by the assistance given to France and England, by a little Piedmontese army of 15,000 men, in the Crimean War. The position of the Austrians in Italy, hated and opposed and boycotted everywhere, began to be intolerable to them.¹ Napoleon III., intended by Nature more for revolutionary idealism than for the throne of France, took up the Italian cause. In 1859 came the Franco-Sardinian alliance, and the declaration of war against Austria : on June 4, the battle of Magenta : on June 24, the battle of Solferino : France, in both of them, victorious. As a return for this service to Italy, the countries of Nice and Savoy were made part of the kingdom of France.

In 1860, close on these great events in North Italy,

¹ In Ruskin's *Stones of Venice* there is a bitter description, published in 1851, of the Piazza of St. Mark's during the Austrian occupation : "Round the whole square in front of the church there is almost a continuous line of cafés, where the idle Venetians of the middle classes lounge, and read empty journals ; in its centre the Austrian bands play during the time of vespers, their martial music jarring with the organ notes—the march drowning the *Miserere*, and the sullen crowd thickening round them—a crowd which, if it had its will, would stiletto every soldier that pipes to it."—*Stones of Venice*, vol. i. chap. 4.

came the amazing campaign of Garibaldi and his volunteers against Sicily and Naples : he beat, on the Volturno, October 2, 1860, the Neapolitan army : and on November 2, Victor Emmanuel was invested with the Kingship of Sicily and Naples. On February 18, 1861, the first real Parliament of Italy met at Turin : and Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed King of Italy. There remained Venice in the hands of Austria, and Rome in the hands of the Pope, Pius IX., under the special protection of France : for the French Catholics were opposed to any further attack on the temporal power of the Papacy. The death of Cavour in 1861, and many political and financial perplexities, delayed the final settlement. At last, in 1866, Italy, with the support of France, entered into alliance with Prussia against Austria. In the War of 1866, Victor Emmanuel's army was defeated at Custozza by the Austrians, where his father had been defeated by them in 1848 : and the Italian Fleet was defeated, off Lissa, by the Austrian Fleet. But the Prussians, on July 3, 1866, at the battle of Königgrätz, utterly defeated the Austrians : all Venetian territory was handed over by Austria to France, and by France to Italy : and that was the end of the hated Austrians, the "white coats," in Italy. Rome alone held out, with Papal and French troops. The 1867 Garibaldian attack on Rome was a complete failure. Then, in 1870, came the Franco-Prussian War, and the surrender of Napoleon at Sedan. Thus

deprived of help from France, the Pope offered only a formal resistance to the army of the King. On September 20, 1870, the Porta Pia was battered down, and the Italians entered Rome: the Papal troops were disbanded: the temporal power was abolished: and Rome became the capital of United Italy.

I have put together, from a few obvious books of reference, this patchwork of the history of Italy, to teach myself something: you must teach yourself more. What nation ever had such a history? In the time of our Lord, it ruled the known world. Through fifteen centuries it profoundly influenced all Europe. In art, it reigns supreme. It wore itself out, and came under subjection; and its greatness seemed over and done with. The French Revolution, and the Napoleonic Wars, began to set it free: but on the downfall of Napoleon it came under subjection again. Then at last arose that irresistible will for liberty and unity, which by fifty years of effort drove out the Austrians, and made a clean sweep of old tyrannies and abuses, and created Italy as she now is.

Our country rejoiced heart and soul over the Risorgimento. We are a people that admires the romances and enthusiasms of other peoples: and we like a sentimental love-story to end happily, whether it be a man in love with a maid, or a nation in love with liberty. You will find it all written-out in old numbers of Punch, and in our great Victorian poets:

they were only saying what the man in the street wished that he could say like that. Especially, we admired Garibaldi. He was of humble birth, a born adventurer, a born fighter, imaginative, simple, obstinate, impatient of all political control, hard to manage, living for the one ideal, offering himself to Italy as Joan of Arc offered herself to France. He fought in the campaigns of 1848 and 1859 : and in May 1860 he sailed with his thousand volunteers, his "red shirts," for his campaign against Sicily and Naples. Two months later he had not one but eighteen thousand. Here is a passage from Mr. Trevelyan's *Garibaldi and the Making of Italy* :—

His claim on the memory of men rests on more than his actual achievements. It rests on that which was one part of his professional equipment as a soldier of revolution, but which surpasses and transcends it—his appeal to the imagination. He was a poet in all save literary power. He was guided in political, and somewhat even in military situations, by a poet's instincts and motives. . . . It is the acted poem that lives in the hearts of millions to whom the written words of history and the written words of poetry are alike unopened. So Garibaldi becomes the symbol of Italia to her children in all ages to come and on either side of the Atlantic. As the centuries slip by, carrying into oblivion almost all that once was noble or renowned, Mazzini's soul and Cavour's wisdom will be forgotten by the Italian who tends the vine or sweats beside the furnace sooner than the old grey cloak and red shirt and that face of simple faith and love.

No wonder that our country fell to worshipping him. In 1864, when he came to London, he got

such a welcome as no foreign visitor had ever had.¹ Indeed, he found his way even into the fashion-books : which is a sure sign of immortality. You will find in the old numbers of *Punch*, not only Tenniel's political cartoons, but Leech's young ladies in their "pork-pie hats" and their wide-sleeved blouses, copied from Garibaldi's hat and shirt : and think of a magenta-coloured Garibaldi jacket, what a garment, dyed and shaped by the Risorgimento !

Slowly, during the later course of Italian politics, France and Italy drew apart : and in 1881 the French occupation of Tunisia gave great offence to Italy. Slowly, Italy drew nearer to Germany and to her old enemy, Austria : and, on May 20, 1882, the treaty of the Triple Alliance was signed, between Germany, Austria, and Italy. It was for a period of five years : it pledged them to join in resisting any attack on the territory of any one of them : and it laid down what military measures each of them should take, if an attack should come either from France, or from Russia, or from France and Russia together. It was

¹ He stayed with the Duke of Sutherland at Stafford House, which has lately been given to the nation, by Sir William Lever, for the London Museum. Mr. Trevelyan describes how the ducal carriage "struggled in the course of six hours through five miles of London streets, amid half a million of our people who had turned out to greet him. . . . Amid a noise of shouting like the noise of a sea in storm, Garibaldi stepped out of the carriage, as calm as in the day of battle, into a circle of fair ladies and great statesmen on the steps of Stafford House ; while the Duke's carriage, in which he had come, literally fell to pieces in the stable, strained to breaking-point by the weight of thousands of strong arms that had snatched at and clung to its sides, as it passed through a London gone mad with joy."

renewed in 1887 : again in 1891, for a period of twelve years : and again in 1902.

As one turns over the pages of a history of Italy, it seems as if the nation got little joy of its liberty. Now that it was free, it began to have a colonial policy : but in Abyssinia it suffered the disastrous defeat of its troops at Dogali in 1887, and the worse disaster at Adowa in 1896. At home, it was embarrassed by poverty, by political difficulties, by the deadlock between the Government and the Papacy, and by the draining-away of emigrants to the New World. The murder of King Humbert by the anarchist Bresci, in 1900, was the prologue to many years of widespread and appalling strikes and labour troubles. To these hardships, Nature added the unimaginable horrors of the Messina earthquake in 1908, in which it is said that 70,000 persons perished : no heavier loss has fallen on any nation of Europe since the days of the Black Death.

The Triple Alliance, by the time of its third renewal in 1902, had become hardly more than a safeguard against war between Italy and Austria. Goodwill between Italy and France was again in the ascendant : and goodwill between Italy and England was as strong as ever. The Triple Alliance had been worked more to the disadvantage of Italy than to her advantage : Austria had again and again offended against the dignity of Italy. The territories of the Trentino and of Trieste, *Italia irredenta*, Italy not yet

redeemed, were still under Austrian rule : and the Italian population of these territories was utterly tired of Austrian interference and Austrian police. Even more serious to Italy's welfare, and to her Mediterranean power, was the growth of Austrian influence over the Balkan States. In 1908, came the sudden annexation, by Austria, of Bosnia and Herzegovina. This act of aggression left no meaning in the Triple Alliance. "The whole episode," says Villari, "was a warning to Italy ; and the result was a national movement for security. Credits for the army and navy were voted almost without a dissentient voice ; new battleships were laid down, the strength of the army was increased, and the defences of the exposed eastern border were strengthened. It was clear that so long as Austria, bribed by Germany, could act in a way so opposed to Italian interests in the Balkans, the Triple Alliance was a mockery, and Italy could only meet the situation by being prepared for all contingencies."

Italy did not have many years to wait. If Germany and Austria had been, not the attackers, but the attacked, in the present War, Italy might have been bound, in spite of everything, by the Triple Alliance. As things were, she had the right to be neutral : and she exercised that right.

But many of her people, from the very beginning of the War, found it hard to stand out and look

on : and often it seemed as if the more hot-headed of them would force the Italian Government, by popular clamour, into declaration of war. Every nation of Europe was watching Italy, to see what she would do. Every newspaper was advising her : hopes and fears, and reasons this way or that, were put before her, with endless repetition. We over here—I am writing, as the man in the street, of what was said in the street, not of the high doings of our Foreign Office—we were always hoping that Italy would “come in” : we called to witness her friendship with France and England, and the memories of the Risorgimento, and the grievances of Italians in the Trentino and in Trieste. We waited : she waited. We felt sure that she would not enter the War against us. But to enter it against her partners in the Triple Alliance might well have a look of treachery. And if they, after that, should win, no power on earth could save her.

By the terms of the Triple Alliance, Austria, having invaded Servia without Italy's consent, was bound to compensate Italy : and Italy now claimed, as compensation, some cession of Austrian territory. Austria made certain offers of compensation : and Germany offered to see them put through. The permanent value of these offers might be anything or nothing : meanwhile, Austria was building-up the Italian frontier-line solid with concrete and steel and guns and men. Slowly, Italy came to her

decision. On May 3, 1915, an end was made of the Triple Alliance: on May 23 Italy declared war on Austria.

The cry of Traitor was raised in Germany and Austria: a German caricature of the moment—they are not good at caricatures—showed Sir Edward Grey, as a Jewish high priest, giving thirty pieces of silver to Italy, as Judas. It was easy enough, for them who desired to think ill of Italy, to say that she had made up her mind from the beginning of the War, and had only waited till her Army and her Fleet were ready. But we, who believed in her through the suspense of those nine months, the more we understood of her perplexities, the more we were confident of her honour. A neutral country is always told, by both sides, that its Government is sitting on the fence, or waiting to see which way the cat will jump, or trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, and so forth. These phrases are mere slang, when you come to think of Italy. *Elle volera au secours du vainqueur*, the old saying against a neutral nation, does not touch Italy: for she did not know, in May 1915, who would be conqueror. The position of France and Britain and Russia was indeed most hazardous in that month when she threw in her lot with them, putting all that she had at the mercy of the fortunes of War.

But look at these three entries, in the Diary of the War:—

April 22. The enemy, north of the Ypres salient, using asphyxiating gases.

May 7. The *Lusitania* torpedoed and sunk.

May 23. Italy declares War on Austria.

Surely, among the causes of the intervention of Italy, we may reckon the anger of her people at these methods of warfare. What we call making up our minds is but the last moment of a very complex process : and these offences, suddenly unmasked, may well have determined the policy of Italy. For they are a people more impetuous than we are. It was just like them to be swayed and spellbound, at this turning-point of their fate, by a poet, Gabriele d'Annunzio. His orations to the people, even translated into our language, are such reading as we shall not soon have again. No such vehement, passionate, high-flown, rhetorical eloquence is to be heard over here. Heaven be praised for our poets : they have done us good service in these grave times : but they are not of much use as orators to sway the masses of us.

The final decision was with the King, Victor Emmanuel III., acting under the advice of the Prime Minister, Signor Salandra, and the Foreign Secretary, Baron Sonnino. In opposition was Signor Giolitti. The King must decide : he must either approve the policy of his Ministers, or must countenance Signor Giolitti in office. On May 13 Signor Salandra offered to His Majesty the resignation of the Ministry :

and the King refused to accept it. Signor Giolitti vanished ; to the joy of the people and the great relief of the authorities : for the people had come to the end of patience, and were not far from the beginning of revolution. In Milan, for example, on the day when the King's decision was made known, the walls already were plastered with huge posters, *Either War, or a Republic* ; and the cry was *Death to Giolitti*.¹

It is but a few months since Italy declared War against Austria. In that short time her Army, under the supreme command of General Cadorna, has been steadily pushing back the Austrians : and her Navy has done fine work in the Adriatic. Nothing in the manœuvres of the War is much more remarkable than Italy's Alpine tactics, her guns got somehow 10,000

¹ "Where would Italy have been had Germany triumphed? Supposing she had got the territory she had asked for, how long would she have kept it in face of a victorious Germany, which would regard these concessions as having been forced from her under duress? And if she had relied on Germany's bond, why should that have been deemed sacred by a Power whose international ethics were anarchy? These were the true grounds for war which lay behind all Italy's ingenious manœuvring for position.

She had amply vindicated herself in the eyes of the world. So far from coming to the succour of the victor, she had joined the Allies just when their prospects were darkening. As she marched to the Isonzo, von Mackensen was driving the Russians to the San ; and at Ypres, in the West, the British had suffered grievously. The Dardanelles expedition had not succeeded, and to the eyes of most men its prospects were cloudy. We cannot judge the temper of a nation by its formal diplomacy or by its parliamentary debates, and in Italy as war drew near there grew up a popular enthusiasm which had very little care for material rewards. . . . It was such a crusade as Mazzini might have preached, that wise idealist who wrote : 'War is a fact, and will be a fact for some time to come, and, though dreadful in itself, is very often the only way of helping Right against brutal Force.' In the spirit of Garibaldi and his Thousand, Italy entered upon her latest war of liberation." Buchan, chap. li.

feet up, her men able to advance, above the snow-level, by every path and track among the mountains. Cadorna, * Salandra, Victor Emmanuel III.—their names will live long in history : for they are makers of the future of Italy.

When you get a holiday in Italy, and are seeing the wonders of the Eternal City, do not be wholly taken up by thoughts and images of the past. Be thinking also of the present and of the near future. Be not only a tourist bent on the delightful business of prowling about beautiful places : be also alive to the life round you. Any fool can be a tourist : you be a traveller, one who desires to know more of the people among whom he is, and to be in touch, more or less nearly, with their hopes, their purposes, their ideals. There is no work of art, in all Italy, so sacred and so precious, that the Italians would not to-morrow blow it sky-high with dynamite if it were in the way of their victory over Austria. For that they are living now. The present and the near future are all in all to them.

But your mind will be led on, from the near future, to the far future. You will be vaguely conscious, in Rome, of a very strange impression that Italy, after all, is at the beginning of things, not at the end of them. The more you see of old ruins, relics, palaces, churches, and pictures, the more you will find yourself trying to think of that Italy which shall be, long after you are dead and gone. In

other cities of Italy—Florence, Venice, Perugia—you will not get this impression : in Rome you will. It set its mark deep on two Englishmen so English as Arnold of Rugby and Lord Macaulay : historians, both of them, and one of them a schoolmaster : but Rome made them dream of her future. Read what Macaulay says—not for the phantasy of the final sentence, that thousand-times-quoted phrase about the New Zealander—but for the half-reluctant prophecy, written in 1840 :—

The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. . . . The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigour. The Catholic Church is still sending forth, to the farthest ends of the world, missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin, and still confronting hostile Kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. . . . Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world ; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the Temple of Mecca. And she may still

exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.

Thirty years after this prophecy came the end of the temporal power of the Papacy. Henceforth, in all temporal affairs, the Pope might be reckoned as one of the King's subjects. But it was contrary to the tradition of the Papacy that the Vicar of Christ should be ordered about by any King of Italy. Therefore, the political pretence was invented, and is still maintained, as a sort of formal arrangement, that the Pope is the "prisoner" of the Government. His guard of honour represents the remnant of his troops : and his palace of the Vatican represents the remnant of the Papal States. For forty-five years this tragical comedy has been kept up, as a political device, by both parties. The Pope never goes outside the palace and gardens of the Vatican : he enters St. Peter's without leaving the Vatican estate. I can remember, some forty years ago, in a little shop in a little Italian village, among other objects of piety, cards with straws affixed to them, inscribed *A straw from the Pope's prison*. Thus did the clericals fool the villages in those far-off days. But, on the whole, this arrangement has eased the task of Government. Twelve years ago, when Leo XIII. died, there seemed to be a hope that his successor, Pius X., would abandon the old conventions, and would go freely among his people : but the Vatican politics were too strong for

him, and the hope came to nothing, and he resigned himself to live and die as Leo XIII. had lived and died before him. He was a man of the people, and he was a man of wonderful simplicity and beauty of character; his longing was to see again his beloved Venice, and get some respite, in the blazing summers, from Rome: he died, broken-hearted, in the first month of the War.

What is forty-five years, or a hundred years, in the history of Italy? You may live to see the very last performance of *The Prisoner of the Vatican*, and the end of the deadlock between Church and State. If you do not, your children may. He would be a rash prophet who would set limits to the power of that final unity of Italy. Not that any one of us ever dreams of the impossible reconstruction, under some unimaginable Emperor, of the mediæval fabric of the Holy Roman Empire. Only, when you are in Rome, it is likely enough that the haunting name of the Eternal City will seem to you not mere words, but a promise waiting to be interpreted: as if Italy, even now, were not yet come to the purpose for which she was made. But these possibilities are out of sight, on the knees of the Gods, too high to be guessed. The present, and the near future, alone concern Italy to-day, and us with her. Let us wish her, out of the havoc of the War, her heart's desire.

VII

GERMANY

WE who are getting old are able to say that we are older than Germany. Before the War of 1870 there was no German Emperor, no German Empire. There was Prussia and other German states, with Kings or Grand-dukes at the head of them : and we called it not the Franco-German War but the Franco-Prussian War. Out of that War modern Germany was born, on the day when the King of Prussia, at Versailles, in the presence of his generals, was proclaimed German Emperor. By that act Germany was made one nation. That act, of course, could not undo the natural differences between Prussians, Bavarians, and Saxons. These differences endure : the Bavarians have no great love of the Prussians : indeed, it is probable that some of them were rather half-hearted over the present War ; and no wonder, for the wife of the King of the Belgians—Heaven bless that brave lady and her children—is a Bavarian princess. Still, the dividing lines between the peoples

of Germany do not go deep enough to cut into the deeper unity of Germany. Come what may in this War, Germany will remain one and indivisible. If it were possible, after this War, to destroy her unity, as you take a puzzle to bits, she would come together again, as she is now. For her unity lives not on politics and treaties and forms of international law, but in that love of the Fatherland which is so strong throughout her people. To understand the Germans you must understand patriotism. We are ready enough to admire it in ourselves : we must be able to recognize it in the enemies of our country.

As between persons, so between nations, nothing is gained by mere abuse and hatred, without insight or judgment. There is a time for abuse, and there are occasions for hatred : but they must be backed by reason, not by ignorance : we must know what it is that we are up against. What has gone wrong with Germany? How has she come to disgrace herself in the eyes of the world? Nations do not go bad all of a sudden. What has happened to her? For we who are old can remember her so unlike what she is now. She has changed for the worse : we can see that much : but what are the influences which have brought about this change in her?

So far as it is possible to date changes in a nation, we can say that 1870 marks the beginning of this change in Germany. And so far as it is possible to put in one word the influences which produced it,

we can put them in the one word, Prussia. The Prussian temper, methods, and ideals have been bad for Germany.

Think of the Germans as more methodical than we are: more business-like, more thrifty, more careful to look ahead. Think of them, also, as more governable than we are. They believe in order, discipline, rules, authority, management. It is not their way to leave the conduct of affairs to chance and impulse: they prefer to plan it all out, just as they mean to have it. Among us, at the time of the South African War, there was a popular saying, half jest, half bitterness: we used to say that England would "muddle through." Germany does not hold with muddling through. She would have every man efficient, every woman expert in house-keeping, every child well educated. Even trivial matters of daily life ought in her opinion to be regulated and controlled and organised. There must be a right way of doing everything, down to scrubbing the doorstep: and if everybody were made to do everything in the right way, then everything would go right, and nothing would go wrong: and Germany would be "the envy of less happier lands."

Look well at this conception of national life as a vast system, thoroughly planned and ruled and arranged by official authority. What fault can you find in it? Is it not in accord with common sense?

Does it not ensure thoroughness and completeness, and health and wealth and strength to a nation?

Certainly it tends to ensure these advantages to Germany : as we have learned, at the cost of bitter loss and mourning, in the present War. Our country would be none the worse for more control, more system, in many of its affairs. But it is possible to have too much of a good thing. The Germans laugh at us for "muddling through" : we laugh at them for living under the thumb of authority. Here is a scrap of a story, to illustrate them and us. Some five and thirty years ago, Professor Virchow, of Berlin, was staying with my people in London : and one Sunday morning the Salvation Army came past the house. And Virchow said, "Do you really allow that in London? We should not allow anything like that in Berlin." He was a great man in politics as well as in science : a great Liberal, not afraid even to oppose Bismarck in the German Parliament : he knew what he was talking about. It was in the early days of the Salvation Army ; the days when Huxley, less far-sighted than usual, gave it the nickname of *corybantic Christianity*. But nobody stopped it, nor interfered with it, except a handful of noisy fools : and it muddled through, and has done and is doing splendid work. The police befriended it, and protected it from the fools. What was the harm, after all, of a brass band on a Sunday morning? Why should we all be just alike ?

We admire not authority but liberty. We resent official interference : we do not like to be managed, or told how to behave : we hate the feeling that somebody is trying to run us all into one mould, and keep us all in one groove : we prefer what we call our individual freedom, the right of each one of us, within decent limits, to be left alone, to have his own way, and to wreck, if he chooses, his own life. Britons, we sing in chorus, never, never, never will be slaves : we will not be driven, compelled, ordered about, nor bothered by Government officials, town councils, local authorities, and the police.

We got some of our love of personal liberty from the French Revolution. The Germans got their love of State-control from Prussia. They have learned to believe that the good of the State, the authority of the State, the power of the State, are to be advanced, obeyed, and upheld, even in small matters of life : that the State is a living system of laws and institutes, to the honour and glory of Germany. In brief, the State is the best way of getting things done : and that is how they ought to be done.

To this conception of work done for the State, Germans give the name of "culture." We have heard enough, and more than enough, in this War, of German culture. We use the word, over here, in another sense ; we mean by it self-culture ; refinement, gentleness, good form, and the enjoyment of works of art. That is not what the Germans mean

by it : they mean the German way of getting things done, the German ideal of all-round efficiency in the service of the State. We are thinking, as it were, of a man cultivating, all by himself, the little garden-patch of his own soul : they are thinking of a body of labourers, under supervision, cultivating a big holding, their own, or somebody else's, and getting all they can out of it. For they worship method : and they habitually despise other nations which seem to them slack and casual and vague. That is why they despised us, for our easy-going ways, our want of discipline. They studied us, up to the very edge of the War, with German thoroughness : they put us under their microscopes, they tested and analysed us, they wrote it all down in their note-books : they took into account our strikes, our expenditure on drink, our excitement over football, our week-ends away from home, our trouble with militant suffragettes, our peril in Ireland : they read carefully the speeches made in our Parliament—such speeches, some of them !—and the things said in our newspapers. Oh ; they studied us well : and we did not greatly trouble ourselves to study them. We thought them absurdly submissive to authority : and they thought us lazy and greedy and happy-go-lucky, and unable to stand against them when The Day, the day of judgment between them and us, should come—*dies irae, dies illa*—suddenly, on our country.

Years ago, many of us knew that it must come : but many of us could not know, or would not. Yet the warnings were plain enough. Out of a crowd of memories of such warnings, two stand out now, as clear as clear can be. One is the memory of Lord Roberts ; how he was always telling us, in very plain words, what was going to happen to us. The other is the memory of a play, which took all London by storm, seven years ago. It was written by an English officer : he was killed in the present War. It was called *An Englishman's Home*. It set before our eyes the fate of a commonplace, third-rate English family ; aimless, good-natured, idle, vulgar, wasting their lives over gossip and childish games and idiotic chaff. We listened to them laughing at rumours of War, poking fun at the very idea of War, and bragging of what Old England would do if War should come. Then, War came. We saw their house attacked, and them terrified and scattered by the horror of sudden death : the house was set on fire : the fury of *The Day* fell on them, to wipe them off the face of the earth. You may be sure that all London went to see that play : week after week the theatre was crammed with people : but the real War, for all that, when it came, found us unready, and caught us by surprise. We had not taken to heart the purposes of Germany, nor studied that change for the worse which had been at work in her ever since 1870. The change was at first very gradual ; but it became more rapid as time went on.

By the War of 1870, and the founding of her Empire, Germany became conscious of her colossal strength, and set herself high among the nations of Europe. In politics, science, learning, music, and commerce, she deepened and extended her hold over them. She understood well, and better than we did, the value of men of science, to make discoveries in chemistry and in medicine; and the value of a thorough education for every one of the children; and the value of specialism, the patient, laborious investigation of one narrow subject till nothing is left to be said on that particular subject. In her schools and universities, her factories and business-houses, her industrial and mining and agricultural districts—everywhere and incessantly, work was done with method, steady and orderly: and was done for the advancement of the State. Some of us used to laugh at the elaborate achievements of German professors; their heavy, dull text-books, their plodding solemnity, their lives given up to one thing: but there was a touch of envy in the laughter. For such habits of work did put the Germans ahead of us in many applications of science, and in many enterprises of business. They had a quiet persistent way of pushing their manufactured goods: they took trouble to find out and suit the exact requirements or fancies of the nations with whom they traded. *Made in Germany*—it was a joke, at first, among us, that so many of our shops were selling goods made

in Germany : it has long ceased to be a joke. Take a very small instance. I am staying, by doctor's orders, in a Devonshire village : I bought yesterday some picture postcards, displaying the local scenery : I found on them, *Printed in Saxony* : I am writing to-night by an oil-lamp, and the glass chimney of the lamp has on it, *Made in Prussia* : and the importunate vases on the mantelpiece betray themselves, by their bad style, so plainly, that they need not tell me where they were made. Multiply this instance by all the villages and all the lodging-houses in England, and you will feel the force of the talk about Germany capturing British trade.

By her swift increase of wealth and power, and by the increase of her population, Germany began to feel the need of colonies. It was not mere ambition, mere covetousness of land : she wanted more elbow-room for her millions of people, fresh openings for them, wider opportunities for her markets. But look now: Where could she find lands to colonize? What bit of earth was to be had for the asking? The older nations have got everything : the earth is full up : there is nothing left but desolate places, where a German colony would fail and die out. Take a map of the world : try to find on it any space to let. All the eligible world has long been owned and occupied. Germany came too late. She did get a few sites, of no very great importance, which were still to be had : she was Autolycus, "a snapper-up

of "unconsidered trifles" : but that was all. And she has not known how to administer what she did get. The Germans are not such stuff as colonists are made of : and the massacre of the Hereros in German South-West Africa is damning evidence of her inability to deal with "natives." In the present War she is steadily losing her colonial territories : Australia and New Zealand, Japan, and our own country, have already taken nearly all of them from her : and come what may in the far future, she will not in your lifetime be powerful outside Europe.

The rapid increase of her wealth, from 1870 onward, drove up the standard of living, in her great cities, to a very high level. Not that our great cities have the right to be shocked at hers. All the world over, the costly fashions, sins, and crazes of a city are much the same. Berlin, Paris, New York, London, each of them has a character of its own, and ways of its own ; but all of them have the same sort of luxury, the same sort of wastefulness, for the amusement of people with heaps of money ; especially, for the amusement of a wealthy class who have just come into existence, and are impatient of tradition, and are set on making their wealth tell on society. This new class brought into fashion, in Berlin, extravagance, high living, fastidious delicacy, restlessness. How far it has gone we can only guess : but we must abandon the idle notion that every German husband is a man who smokes a long pipe and drinks

beer, and every German wife is a patient lady, very badly dressed, but a good housekeeper. That type does not represent all Berlin. It is not extinct : but it has become less prevalent since 1870. The earlier grace of "plain living and high thinking" has not ceased to be in Germany : but side by side with it, like the tares among the wheat in the parable, has grown up the new style, the pampering of the body and the nervous restlessness of the mind.

But the gravest harm of all has been done to Germany not by luxury, nor by nervous restlessness, but by that love of the power of the Army which we call militarism. Round the Imperial Throne, circle beyond circle, is the Army : the narrow pride of military caste : the insolence of office : the close grip of that hard system which in 1870 made Germany what she was ; and now, at last, in 1915, has made her what she is. Five and forty years ago, "the Prussian-drill-sergeant" made Germany famous : now, he has made her infamous, and the very sound of her name hateful. The men of 1870—Bismarck, Moltke, the old King of Prussia, the Crown Prince Frederick—are well out of it, that they did not live to see the ordinary decencies of War mocked and spit upon by the men of 1915.

It is a true saying, *Corruptio optimi pessima* : nothing is worse than the best gone bad : and the Army, as we know it over here, is a vocation to be proud of. Nobody grudges a touch of pride

to our men in khaki ; nor do any but fools resent that hardly conscious air of quiet distinction which a young officer has in the company of civilians. For he is a better man than most of us. Obedience, discipline, reticence, and the will to serve his country even to death, are his virtues, more than ours : and his faults, after all, are merely the same as ours. A nation of nothing but civilians would be wholly ignoble and hopelessly dull : and at the first breath of War it would shrivel up. We, if it were not for the uplifting spirit of our Navy and our Army, would be what the French used to call us, a nation of shopkeepers : neither should we long be allowed to keep our shops. Even if our sailors and soldiers were not so good as they are, we still ought to honour them. And because they are, Heaven be praised, what they are, no courtesy and no respect that we can show to them is more than they deserve. In the years that are gone, we did not honour them enough : you will not make that mistake in the years that are coming.

Prussian militarism is a very old evil : it is a hundred years old, and more :—

A hundred years ago, Mme de Staël wrote of the extravagant exaltation of the military cult in Germany ; and of the general effect of living in a barrack which was produced in Prussia. She spoke of the iron discipline which prevailed everywhere in civil life, outside the area of the actual military system. She spoke of the stunted love of liberty in that country : and she contrasted that state of things with the other Germany she saw at that time,

the home of philosophy, thought, and idealism. That was a hundred years ago.¹

See the difference, here, between our moderate pride in our sailors and soldiers and the submission of Germany to her military caste. The iron of that discipline, welded by Prussia, has entered into her soul: she is what her Army has made her. Admit this much, that her Army includes all sorts of officers, some of them gentlemen: the fact remains, that others of them are overbearing toward civilians, unmannerly, and guilty of gross cruelty to their men. But the nation was so set on greatness that it accepted even these, and put up with their conceit, their bullying ways, their air of thrusting honest civilians off the pavement of life into its gutters. This subjection of a nation to its Army is bad for the nation, and worse for the Army. Pride of caste lives on subservience—*crescit indulgens sibi*—till from pride it becomes tyranny: and from tyranny it has become in this War murderous brutality, in Belgium and in Northern France: and the world is bewildered by the shame of such doings.

From the increase of wealth in Germany, and from the cost of maintaining this dominant Army, came, of course, the spread of socialism. Nothing so embitters the poor and strengthens the socialist cause in any country, as the display of luxury and wasteful-

¹ From Lord Crewe's speech in the London Opera-House, on the anniversary of the British Declaration of War against Germany. See the Times, Aug. 5, 1915.

ness, and the worship of the military caste. Why should artisans and labourers and decent poor folk work so hard and earn so little, and their children be crying for food, while the great employers of labour are so wealthy? Why should the upkeep of a huge Army lay such heavy taxes on the nation, and the Army think so much of itself? If the employers could only be compelled to make less profits, and the Army could only be compelled to cost less, there would be a fairer division of the national wealth, and the hard lot of the poor would be more tolerable. That is the appeal of socialism, in all countries alike. But, when the War began, the German socialists put the safety of Germany before their own cause: and up to now they have loyally supported their Government in its expenditure on the War. Still, we may be sure that they have no love to spare for militarism; and that they will tend to work for Peace at the first opportunity. We may be sure also that they will play a great part in the reconstruction of their country's affairs after the War.

Beyond the change wrought in Germany by the conflicting interests of luxury, militarism, and socialism, there is the change wrought by those of her teachers and leaders of thought, her prophets, who would have her believe in the authority of the State, and the armed strength of the State, as her God. I am a dunce in these matters: but the man in the street, whom I have the honour to represent, has told

me the names of Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi. But I did not need to be told the names of Goethe, Kant, and Heine : names of that magnitude are familiar to the ear as household words, and the men who bore them are of the company of the Immortals. But this new school of the prophets hardly seems to be of more than local importance : they have exercised profound influence on Germany, because they have said to her what she was glad to hear about herself : like the false prophets in the Bible story, who advised the King of Israel to go up against Ramoth Gilead. But they have not exercised much influence outside Germany. Over here, we read them because we want to understand the change which has come over Germany : but so we read that column in the Times, headed "Through German Eyes," which gives us the views of the German newspapers. We pay attention to this new order of prophets, because they have helped to make the Germans what they are : but that sort of attention does not set them among the Immortals. But we read Goethe and Kant and Heine—those of us who have the good luck to be literary and philosophical—as the Germans read Shakspeare. He has something to say to everybody : he wrote for mankind, for ever and ever, not only for Elizabethan audiences. He put the world first, and England second : so did Goethe and Kant and Heine put the world first : but these later German writers put Germany first, and the world second. So

the man in the street tells me. After these major prophets comes a great multitude of minor prophets, all of them telling her that nothing on earth, nor in Heaven, is greater than the State ; that the might of the State is the right of the State ; and that she is here in Europe to extend the power and the methods of the State over countries less powerful and less methodical than herself.

Why should she not believe them ? Why should she doubt that she has in her hands the refashioning of Europe after the War ? To-day, August 6, 1915, all Europe is reading the news of the fall of Warsaw. Surely, Germany may still hope to be able to impose her will on the nations. We may doubt whether her chief men, who know much of her affairs, are so hopeful as the masses of her people, who know little : but her prophets have not yet been proved false, when they promise even that to her.

Only, they could not and did not teach her to understand other nations : they rather taught her to despise other nations. And this false teaching has upset her calculations and her programme of the War ; and will tend to her undoing in the course of the War.

It is time to gather up the tangled lines of this essay. Germany, after the War of 1870, rapidly gained wealth and power, and advancement in science and in learning and in commerce. The number of her population was greatly increased. She had more

of everything, save territory : she wanted room to turn round in, more markets for her exports, more chances outside her boundaries. Luxury and militarism and socialism, at odds between themselves, were making her restless. Below all these complexities, and through all of them—like a deep note held down with an organ pedal, while all sorts of intricacies are played above it—was her patriotism, and her profound belief in law and order, thoroughness and efficiency, method and discipline, obedience to the armed State, service of the armed State. Having this virtue and strength in her people, she looked at other nations, and compared herself with them.¹ There was France, light-hearted, unsound, and not yet recovered from the shock of the War of 1870. There was Russia, only half-civilized, with her mediæval ways, her antiquated form of Government, her people sunk in ignorance, her many wildernesses, her few railways. There was England, wealthy, old, played-out : with her intemperance, her craze for games, her incessant strikes, her feeble Parliament : England, unable even to deal with her own suffragettes : England, on the very brink of Civil War in Ireland, and wanting only

¹ Of course, all this has been said thousands of times : and it was lately said, very well, in a letter found on a German officer taken prisoner by the French. The letter (published in the North and East Devon Express) was written in May, in Berlin. The writer says that he believes things will end favourably for Germany. "What do I base this belief on? First, on patriotism, on discipline, on our genius for organisation : and then, and above all, on our enemy's incapacity for organisation. Oh, certainly, if they had, with their resources, our qualities of initiative and of method, we should be lost." But the whole letter is well worth reading. These letters found on prisoners always are.

to be comfortable in her decline. What had these nations done for earth, that they should have and hold so much of it, and Germany have nothing but their leavings? How had England come by her colonies? The world was made to be fought for; and these older nations must be taught that lesson by a nation stronger than themselves, more efficient, more industrious, more obedient to discipline. That was the destiny of Germany, to impose these virtues on other nations which would be all the better for them.

So her prophets preached to her. And it is not strange that the German people should be persuaded that they have a mission to the world. They do believe, many of them—and there is nothing very monstrous in such a belief—that the Divine Will for Germany is that she should extend far and wide her methods of life and thought, her “culture.” They believe—or did believe, till the War taught them otherwise—that France and England, compared with Germany, are degenerate. They believe that as Israel was God’s people, so Germany is God’s people, to whom He now entrusts His Will to be done on earth, for the advancement of the efficiency of mankind. That is what many of them honestly and thoroughly believe. And, as things now are, with the world so full, there was only one way for her to enforce her methods on Europe: and that was by War: as it was for Israel to smite the

Philistines. To this end she prepared herself, body and soul, through we know not how many years. She created, at colossal expense, a Fleet, second only to ours : she amassed stores of artillery and munitions, far above all other nations : such stores as the world had never seen, for such a War as the world had never seen. She planned, spied, threatened, intrigued, bribed, lied, with incessant vigilance and forethought : looked forward to War, dreamed of it, lived for it. What more could she have done than she did, to make sure of her *Gott mit uns*,—her God on her side ?¹

This she ought to have done : she ought to have read right down into the hearts of other nations. She did not : she could not : she had so long been taught to see their faults, and to worship her own strength, that she did not know what else was in them, what sudden red-hot anger, what passionate enthusiasm, flaring-up against her efficiency. She had not foreseen how Belgium¹ would hurl defiance at her : how France, in 1914, would be so different from France in 1870 : how our country, in a few hours, would put aside all political questions because of the War : how Canada, India, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and all Britain over-seas would make haste to throw in their lot with the Mother country : how the

¹ Here, from the Times, is another letter found on a German officer taken prisoner by the French. "We do not trouble," says the writer, "about other people's interests, European balance of power, and whatever these English principles may be. . . . If God sits up there and judges everything, we know one thing, that He will allow strategy, nerve, conscientiousness, and pluck to win the struggle which was forced upon us."

British Fleet would be ready against her : how Italy would stand out of the War, and would at last take up arms against her : how swiftly Russia would mobilize a great Army. This misjudgment of other nations, bred of her pride, betrayed her, at the very beginning of the War, into the invasion of Belgium. By what she did to that country, she lost her place in the civilized world.

VIII

AUSTRIA : THE BALKAN STATES : TURKEY

WE have in our minds a "general idea" of the War, a picture of the War, so out of proportion that it is not worth looking at. In this picture, Great Britain and Germany are the two principal figures: they take up the whole foreground. Behind them are other nations, some supporting the British, some supporting the Germans. In the background are the neutral nations, and the rest of the world, looking on. Nothing could be more false than this arrangement of the War as a scene out of an opera, with the chief actors in front, and the chorus behind them, and a crowd of supers at the back of the stage. We might find a truer image of the War, not in the grouping of a theatrical performance, but in the grouping of the nerve-cells of the brain. There are in the brain two thousand millions of nerve-cells. Each of them is an individual creature, living its own life, accomplishing its own purposes, following

its own interests. But all of them are so intimate, so closely linked up and co-ordinated, that each of them, in the act of serving itself, subserves you. These two thousand million lives are the making of your one life, with its one set of purposes, its one set of interests. So it is with the many millions of human creatures who are linked up by the War. Out of their diversity comes the unity of the War. As the brain, by the co-ordination of groups of cells, may be regarded as one vast central installation of dynamos and telegraphs and recording instruments, so the War is to be regarded as "one stupendous whole." What happens at one point of the War tells on what is happening at all points of the War. We are much too fond of isolating this or that group of forces, putting a wall round it in our thoughts. We think of Germany without thinking of Austria : we think of Austria without thinking of the Balkan States : and we think of the Balkan States without thinking of Turkey.

The best cure for this narrowing of our minds is a large map of Europe, hung where we are always seeing it. Whatever books on the War you may read, let the map of Europe be a text for all of them. Learn from it to think of Germany and Austria together, under the one title of the Central Powers. Measure them, as one factor of the War, right across the map, from Metz to Lemberg, and from Hamburg to Serajevo : consider how these great Central Powers

are surrounded by France, Belgium, Holland, the North Sea, the Baltic, Russia, the Balkan States, Italy, and Switzerland : picture the War to yourself as the butward thrust of the Central Powers of Europe. To North and East and West, thrusts Germany : to East and South, with the help of Germany, thrusts Austria. The pressure of the southward thrust falls on Italy, and on the Balkan States. Italy has not only stood firm, but has thrust back with good effect. What specially concerns us today—October 25, and 500 years today since Agincourt—is the renewal of the thrust into the Balkan States, the deadly peril of Servia, the treachery of Bulgaria, the landing of French and British troops at Salonika, and the fight for the control of the railways to Constantinople. The decision of the War may possibly be hanging on the chain of events in Austria, the Balkan States, and Turkey.

Austria comes into history, about the time of Charlemagne, as a little mark or margravate, set to protect the Frankish kingdom against inroads from the East. Under the counts of Babenberg, it grew in size and strength, pushing its way down the valley of the Danube. In the twelfth century it was raised to the rank of a duchy, with Vienna for its capital. After a time of warfare with Bohemia and Hungary, it was put under the rule of Rudolph of Habsburg, the founder of the Imperial line : and Styria, Carinthia, and Tirol were joined with it. In the thirteenth

century, it fell into the hands of the Hungarians; and was recovered from them by the Habsburg Emperor Maximilian. Under him Austria, raised from the rank of a duchy to the rank of an archduchy, became powerful in Europe: Upper and Lower Austria, Styria, Carinthia, Tirol, and Carniola, all of them were Habsburg dominions. After Maximilian came his grandson, the Emperor Charles V. To him, as son of Philip, Archduke of Austria, belonged all Austria: to him also, as grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella, belonged Spain, the Netherlands, Sicily, Naples, and "the New World." In his time came the Reformation in Germany; the long rivalry between Austria under the Empire and France under Francis I.; and the invasion of Hungary and Austria by the Turks, under Suleiman the Magnificent. The history of Austria henceforth was in great measure the history of the opposition between Catholicism and Protestantism, and of the political struggle between the Bourbons and the Habsburgs, and of the fighting between Central Europe and Turkey in Europe. By the Thirty Years' War, 1618-1648, France and Sweden gained valuable territories: "the German princes obtained independence, and the power of the Emperor was only supreme in the Austrian dominions. The attempt of the Austro-Spanish House to restore Roman Catholicism all over Central Europe had failed, and the hopes at one time entertained of

converting Germany into a consolidated Habsburg state were shattered." By the War of the Spanish Succession, 1702-1713, Spain was left under Bourbon rule; but the Spanish Netherlands, Sardinia, and Naples were put under Austrian rule. By the War of the Austrian Succession, and the Seven Years' War, 1756-1763, Austria lost Silesia to Prussia, but gained the loyalty of Hungary, the *moriamur pro rege nostro Maria Theresa*. Henceforth began the conflict between Prussia and Austria, which of them should have the chief voice in the affairs of Central Europe. Across this conflict came the French Revolution, and the Napoleonic Wars. In 1804, when Napoleon was proclaimed Emperor, Austria, fearing that the older Empire, the Holy Roman Empire, might pass from the House of Habsburg to the House of Bonaparte, proclaimed herself a hereditary Empire. A year later, at Austerlitz, Napoleon broke the strength of Austria; and what was left of the Holy Roman Empire was brought to an end.

From the time of Charlemagne, Austria has been exposed to incessant immigration. "Scarcely any nation in Europe presents such a complexity of races, tongues, and creeds as Austria-Hungary.¹ In

¹ In 1867, Austria and Hungary were finally united into the one Dual Empire, or Dual Monarchy, of Austria-Hungary. The Emperor of Austria is King of Hungary. Each State has its own Parliament, its own constitution, and the management of its own internal affairs: but those Imperial affairs which are common to the two States—their foreign policy, their naval and military affairs, and their common finance—are settled by common ministries, representing both Austria and Hungary.

Austria, there are Germans, Czechs and Slovaks, Poles, Ruthenians, Slovenes, Serbs and Croats, Roumanians, Jews, Magyars, Italians, Albanians, Armenians, and Gypsies. Roman Catholics form about four-fifths of the whole population, the remainder being Greek Catholics, Orthodox Greeks, Protestants of all sects, Jews, and Mohammedans." It is not for us to attempt to feel our way in this labyrinth of racial and religious differences. The bond which holds together these many peoples is formed by the necessity for a common foreign policy, and by loyalty to the person of the Emperor. It would be strange if they were not loyal to him. Above all the line of the Habsburgs, his life stands out as a wonder, for length of days and for length of reign. He is eighty-five years old, and he has been Emperor for sixty-seven years. He has born in the year in which our King George IV. died : he became Emperor of Austria in the year in which Louis Philippe was turned off the throne of France : he was thirty-six when Königgrätz finally decided the military superiority of Prussia over Austria : he was forty when Victor Emmanuel's troops broke down the Porta Pia and entered Rome : he was fifty-eight in the year of the death of the German Emperor's grandfather. By the death of his only son in 1889, and by the murder of the Empress in 1898, he lost all that he most cared for. He lives on, like Tithonus, a lonely

figure, among "happy men that have the power to die."

To get some faint idea of the weaving together of Austria, the Balkan States, and Turkey, it might help us, if we trace the map of "Ancient Europe," with the names of its countries, on a sheet of transparent paper, and put it over a map of Modern Europe. By this device, we should read, beneath Dacia, Pannonia, Rhœtia, and so forth, Austria-Hungary : beneath Macedonia and Thracia we should read the Balkan States : and beneath the magical name of Byzantium we should read Constantinople.

Nearly 700 years before the time of our Lord, some Greek adventurers, travelling from Megara, founded Byzantium. Long after the Greeks had become subject to Rome, and Macedonia and Thrace had been made Roman provinces, Byzantium remained independent. In A.D. 196 it was besieged and destroyed by Severus : in 330, Constantine rebuilt it, and gave his name to it. In 395, when the Roman Empire was divided, the City of Constantine became the capital of the Eastern Empire. Think of the Balkan States as Greek to begin with, afterward Greco-Roman ; more Greek than Roman, but decadent Greek. In the third century, the Slavs began to come into the country, pushing the Greeks back to the coast and the islands of the Ægean. In the seventh century came the Serbo-Croats ; and after them the Bulgars. In the tenth century, the

Bulgarian dominions extended from the Adriatic to the Black Sea. In the twelfth century, the Servians were in the ascendant. The Eastern Empire, with varying fortunes, held out against these new peoples, and against other opponents. Constantinople beat off the Persians in the seventh century, and the Arabs in the eighth century. It was captured, in 1204, by the armies of the Fourth Crusade ; Baldwin, Count of Flanders, was crowned Emperor, and this Latin tenure of Constantinople lasted for fifty-seven years : but the city was recaptured in 1261, and was restored to the Eastern Empire. Up to the middle of the fourteenth century, up to 1350, think of the Balkan Peninsula as inhabited by the leavings of Greece and Rome driven coastward, and by the Slav peoples who had come in from the North and the East. What was left of the old Byzantine Empire was dying : and the new peoples, Serbs and Croats and Bulgars, were unable to live in unity, and were torn by feuds. Then, in 1356, came the Turks into Europe. *In 1356, the Turks seized Gallipoli.* So my book of reference tells me : and no more portentous line of words has ever been printed. And it needs no book to tell me that the Turks have been in Europe for 559 years, from Gallipoli then to Gallipoli now.

Long before 1356, the Turks, pushed westward by the Mongols from Central Asia, had settled in Armenia, and had spread through Asia Minor.

Finally, *ripae ulterioris amore*, they crossed over into Europe, and slowly and surely took hold on all that now is Greece and the Balkan States :—

In 1356 the Turks seized Gallipoli ; in 1360 the sultan Murad I. established his capital at Adrianople ; in 1389 the fate of the Slavonic states was decided by the rout of the Servians and their allies at Kossovo. The last remnant of Bulgarian national existence disappeared with the fall of Trnovo in 1393, and Great Walachia was conquered in the same year. Under Mahommed II. (1451–1481) the Turks completed the conquest of the Peninsula. The despotate of Epirus succumbed in 1449, the duchy of Athens in 1456 ; in 1453 Constantinople was taken and the decrepit Byzantine Empire perished ; the greater part of Bosnia submitted in 1463.—J. D. BOURCHIER.

Thus, in a hundred years, was founded and built the Ottoman Empire in Europe. At the height of its power, in the sixteenth century, it threatened Europe, by sea and by land. From Cyprus, Rhodes, Crete, the Ægean islands, and the coast of the Peloponnesus, Albania, and Dalmatia, the Turks harried the coasts of Italy and of Southern France : the scourge of Turkish piracy fell heavily on Venice, Pisa, Genoa, Malta. A line drawn across the map, from the Crimea to Algeria, shows the wide extent of Turkish naval power. Nor were the Turks less formidable on land. Again and again, they invaded Hungary : and twice they laid siege even to Vienna. Their naval power was broken at Lepanto, October 1571. In that great sea-fight, the allied fleets of Austria, Italy, and Spain utterly defeated the Turkish fleet ; and

released 15,000 Christian galley-slaves. But the land-power of the Turks remained unbroken. Think of Turkey in Europe, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as a great Empire, a strong and dangerous neighbour to older nations.

About 1700, the fortunes of the Ottoman Empire began to fail. Gradually, the Turks lost hold on Hungary and on South Russia, and their outlying territories began to fall away from them : but they still kept hold of Greece and the Balkans. Then, in 1821, came the revolt of Greece.¹ It was the work of nine years ; the naval battle off Navarino, in which the allied fleets of Britain, France, and Russia destroyed the Turkish and Egyptian fleet, was fought on October 20, 1827 : the independence of Greece was finally declared in February 1830. For her first king she had a German prince : he was deposed, and was succeeded by a Danish prince, brother of our Queen Alexandra. He was succeeded, in 1913, by Constantine, the present King of Greece, whose wife is a sister of the German Emperor.

Servia, so early as 1817, gained a measure of independence, and was allowed to have a prince of her own ; and in 1878, after the Russo-Turkish War, was made an independent kingdom. In 1885, war broke out between Servia and Bulgaria : and the Servians were defeated. In 1889, Milan, King of

¹ Among the Englishmen who went out to help the Greeks to gain their independence was Lord Byron. He died of fever at Missolonghi, April 19, 1824.

Servia, abdicated in favour of his son Alexander. In 1903, by a conspiracy among the officers of the Servian army, Alexander and Queen Draga were murdered. They were succeeded by Peter, the present King of Servia.

Bulgaria, after many years of effort toward independence, revolted against Turkey in 1876. The Turkish savagery of repression, the "Bulgarian atrocities," helped to bring about the Russo-Turkish War. In 1879, Bulgaria was made a principality, under the suzerainty of Turkey : the first prince of Bulgaria was a German prince, Alexander of Battenberg. In 1886, after the war between Servia and Bulgaria, Alexander was "kidnapped," carried off into Russia, and made to abdicate : and in 1887 another German prince, Ferdinand of Coburg, was chosen to replace him. The chief founder of the independence of Bulgaria was the prime minister, Stambulov : he was murdered in Sofia in 1895. It was not till 1908 that Bulgaria finally renounced all allegiance to Turkey, and proclaimed herself a separate kingdom under her present king, Ferdinand.

Roumania, in 1821, revolted, and obtained the right to have a prince of her own : but the national movement in Roumania was opposed not only by Turkey but by Russia. In 1866, a German prince, Charles of Hohenzollern, was elected prince of Roumania. In the Russo-Turkish War, the Roumanian army, under his command, rendered

great assistance to the Russians, especially at the siege of Plevna. Henceforth, the independence of Roumania was assured, and in 1881 Prince Charles was crowned King of Roumania: his crown was forged from the iron of Turkish guns captured at Plevna. Do not confuse the present king, Ferdinand, with Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

Bosnia and Herzegovina revolted in 1849, and again in 1875. At the Berlin Congress after the Russo-Turkish War, Austria was empowered to occupy and administer these two provinces, under the nominal suzerainty of Turkey. In 1908 Austria—

Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner South—

quietly annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, and made them part of her Empire.

The independence of Montenegro was acknowledged in 1878: and in 1910 Montenegro was made a kingdom, under the present king, Nicholas.

Thus, in the half-century between the Greek War of Independence and the Russo-Turkish War, the Balkan States freed themselves, more or less, from Turkish rule. The Berlin Congress, in 1878, confirmed their independence. But Turkey still had rights of suzerainty, and still possessed a great portion of the Balkan Peninsula. The Sick Man of Europe—that was the nickname of Turkey in Europe: the difficult invalid, unable either to recover or to die. At the bedside of this patient,

the great Powers of Europe have met in consultation, again and again ; Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, France, England, have all been interested in the management of the case : and there have been differences of opinion among them. At last, in October 1912, the Balkan States made one supreme effort to turn the Turks out of Europe, or at the least to pin them down as close as they could to Constantinople. In this memorable War, Servia, Bulgaria, Greece, and Montenegro were united. Kırk Kilisse, Lule Burgas, Uskub, Salonika, and other names, recall their victories. The Turks were driven behind the Tchataldja lines, which guard the approaches to Constantinople : on December 4, an armistice was granted to them : and by the terms of peace they surrendered the greater part of their territory in Europe. Then, to the great disappointment of the world in general, the Balkan States fell to quarrelling over the spoils ; and Turkey, by this disgraceful second Balkan War, got back some of the lost territory.

It has been truly said, that "the man who understands the Balkans is not yet born." German princes, one after another, have been put on Balkan thrones ; and the affairs of the Balkan States are knotted-up in a tangle with the affairs of Russia, Austria-Hungary, Germany, and Turkey. In the thick of this most confused part of Europe was born the present War. And, as things are now, it

almost seems as if the War, possibly, were coming back to die where it was born.

The story of the War begins with the murder of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the Emperor of Austria's nephew and heir, on June 28, 1914. The Archduchess was with him; they were murdered together. The crime was committed in Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, on Austrian territory. The plot was hatched in Servia, by the anti-Austrian party; but the Servian Government had nothing to do with it. But the Archduke was hated by the military party in Austria, because of his liberal policy; and it is probable that some of them had foreknowledge of his death. What is certain is that the offence was gross, and that the Austrian Government was bound to call Servia to account :

At first the Serajevo tragedy seemed destined to be only a nine days' wonder. The victims passed in stately funerals to their tombs, and the trial of the murderers began. Undoubtedly the outrage was shocking and barbarous; undoubtedly Serbia had been a nest of anti-Austrian intrigues, and Belgrade a recruiting-ground for assassins. It is more than probable, too, that responsible Serbians were privy to and approved the deed, and the Serbian press and populace behaved with little decency. . . . At the same time, there is good reason to believe that the existence of a plot was not unknown in Vienna, and there is some evidence that Cabrinovitch and Prinzip¹ were instigated

¹ Cabrinovitch, a printer's compositor, threw at the Archduke's car a bomb, got from the Servian Arsenal at Kragujevatz: the explosion wounded several persons, but not the Archduke. An hour or so later, Prinzip, a young student, ran from the crowd and fired into the car; the Archduchess flung herself forward to protect her husband; both were wounded, and died within an hour.

by Austrian *agents-provocateurs*. Further, it seems clear that the Serbian Government was free from any complicity. But the incident had left a disagreeable impression on the world, and when it was announced that Vienna intended to extract assurances from Belgrade which would make a continuance of this brigandage impossible, the general opinion of Europe approved. But the general opinion of Europe was not greatly stirred.—BUCHAN, chap. i.

The demand for these assurances, the Austrian Note, was presented at Belgrade on July 23. Forty-eight hours were allowed to the Servian Government, in which to answer a long list of demands for reparations and for safeguards. The contents of the Note had been made known to the German Government, before it was presented. The demands were so heavy and so sweeping that if Servia had submitted off-hand to every one of them, nothing would have been left of Servian independence. Servia appealed to Russia for "advice." Russia, as the greatest of the Slav peoples, and as the head of the Eastern Church, was bound to be in sympathy with Servia. The diversity of nationalities and of creeds in the Balkan States does not annul the fact that the great majority of the people are Slavs, and the great majority of those who profess Christianity belong not to the Western Church but to the Eastern Church. Russia, therefore, is Servia's natural protector. In accordance with Russian advice, the Servian Government submitted to all the demands of the Austrian Note, with only two reservations, to be decided by

reference to the Hague tribunal of international law.

It seems certain that Austria, and Germany moving behind Austria, would have accepted this very ample measure of submission, if they had been set resolutely to keep the peace of Europe. But we know now, that so far back as August 1913, Austria had suggested to Germany and to Italy a plan of action against Servia. We did not know this in July 1914 : and we were utterly taken aback when Austria declared that the answer to the Note was "altogether unsatisfactory." On July 28, Austria declared War against Servia. On August 1, Germany declared War against Russia. On August 3, Germany declared War against France.

In the beginning of November, Turkey entered the War. The alliance of Turkey with Germany and Austria had been preceded by many years of German courtship, by the quiet and crafty advancement of German trade and German influences into the Ottoman Empire, by the German Emperor's tour in Palestine, by the reconstitution of the Turkish army on German lines under the management of German officers, and by the transference of the Goeben and the Breslau to the Turkish fleet. It seems that the German Emperor hardly doubted that he might be accepted as a sort of extra guardian-angel of the Mohammedan world. The hope of the Turks is to gain, by the help of Germany, power in the Balkans.

The hope of the Germans is to gain, by the help of Turkey, power in the East. Put aside the map of Europe : look at the map of Asia, showing the routes from Europe to India. Germany, by alliance with Turkey, hopes to strike at Egypt, to get a hold on the Persian Gulf, and in the more distant future to threaten even India. With these hopes, the War has suddenly gone back, in this fifteenth month, with redoubled fury, into the Balkan States, whence it came in the beginning.

In the Western theatre of the War, Germany cannot break through the French, British, and Belgian lines. In the Eastern theatre, the terrific German and Austrian advance has at last spent itself. The fighting between Italy and Austria has gone in favour of Italy : and we are able to feel some confidence that the Italians will not stop short of Trieste. In that theatre of the War which now is most hazardous for us, Gallipoli and the Dardanelles, the final success has not yet come : but, unless the Germans get munitions through to Constantinople, it should come. Thus, a few weeks ago, the enemy seemed to be defeated nowhere, but held up everywhere : and, above all, held up on the seas, by the steady pressure of our Fleet. The enemy's plans, we know, had been for a short war : to rush Belgium and Northern France, and to capture Paris ; then to deal with Russia ; last, with England. Every month increased their need to force a decision : and they

could not. Paris, Calais, Petrograd, were out of their reach. In each of the principal theatres of the War, they were in the dilemma of Macbeth—*There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.*¹

¹ It would be pleasant to look out and arrange those passages of Shakspeare which concern the War. Some of them, such as Gaunt's speech in King Richard II. and the Agincourt speeches in King Henry V., are hardly to be called prophetic. I saw lately, posted up in huge letters, the two lines out of King John : but the third line, the most significant of the three, was left out. So here are all three lines :

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

Macbeth, of course, is prophetic from end to end : the whole play, like Prospero's island, is full of voices. Macbeth is the German Emperor :

What thou would'st highly
That would'st thou holily ; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win.

Macduff is the King of the Belgians :

Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England—that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed.

The English soldiers, marching from Birnam Wood to Dunsinane, are the British Expeditionary Force. The three witches are Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardt :

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding.

Will that prophecy, even that, come true? Lady Macbeth is hard to identify : but we may take her to represent the Spirit of Militarism, chastising the German Emperor's hesitancy with the valour of its tongue :

Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteemest the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

To most of us, it seemed that the enemy would seek a decision, by some colossal enterprise, either in France, or in Russia, or toward Italy. All these guesses were wrong : for we did not know that Germany had contrived a secret understanding with Bulgaria. Suddenly, the bad news came, that Servia was about to be invaded by Germany, Austria, and Bulgaria, working together with Turkey, to destroy what was left of the Servian army, and to make a way, through Servia, for the forwarding of munitions to Constantinople.

Look for a moment at the very great danger of this sudden move ; not only the danger to Servia, but the danger to the cause of our Allies and ourselves, which is in this powerful union of Germany, Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria, concentrated in the Balkan States.

Throughout the War, the Turks have fought with admirable courage and endurance, and have fought honourably. The iniquities of the Turkish Government, and the ghastly massacres in Armenia, must not be laid to the charge of Turkish soldiers in Transcaucasia and on the Gallipoli peninsula. It is not improbable that the average Turkish soldier is equal, as "a first-rate fighting man," to the average German officer put in command over him.

Thus prophetic is the tragedy. No nation more than Germany has admired, studied, and presented Shakspeare. He is just as familiar to them as he is to us. At the present time, in Berlin, they are staging *The Tempest*. But we may doubt whether they would now stage *Macbeth*.

Austria, in the earlier months of the War, suffered so terribly, that some of us were tempted to think lightly of the Austrian fighting power. The successes of Servia and of Russia beguiled us into foolish talk about the "crushing" of Austria, and the "break-up of the Habsburg Empire." We saw that Germany was the predominant partner in the Dual Alliance, and that Austrian pride was resentful of Germany's overbearing ways. We persuaded ourselves that the great diversity of nationalities in the Austrian Empire must weaken its military efficiency. And we made the most of that fault which is just as bad in the Austrian Army as it is in the German Army—the wide gulf between its officers and their men. It is said that some effort has been made, during the War, to lessen this gulf. How wide and how evil it was, or is, we learned last March, when the Austro-Hungarian forces in Przemyśl, after a long siege, surrendered to the Russians. Przemyśl, which now is again in Austrian hands, was surrendered on March 22, 1915. The men had been starved to utter exhaustion : the officers had not suffered from any want of good food :

The garrison showed no sense of shame at the fall of the city. The unfortunate Austrian and Hungarian soldiers would have welcomed anything which brought them a meal ; and the Russians, according to their custom, treated them with gentleness and courtesy. The officers, on whose reputation Przemyśl will be a lasting blot, were not of the type that can feel shame, and the Russians were too busy with urgent tasks to enlighten

them. But the contrast between the humane and capable victors, plainly dressed, and sharing the hardships of their men, with the elegant carpet knights who were callous to dishonour and indifferent to suffering if it were not their own, burned itself deep into the souls of the hollow-cheeked prisoners as they strung out on the Lemberg road.—BUCHAN, chap. xlv.

So we encouraged each other to believe that the strength of Austria in the War would "not last long." But all students of Austrian history say that Austria has always had a marvellous power of recovery : and our facile prophecies came to nothing.

Of Germany's latest ally, Bulgaria, what shall be said? We have some reason to believe that the Bulgarians were not greatly in love with the dirty business of stabbing Servia in the back : but King Ferdinand has sold his country and himself for that purpose, hoping that Germany will pay him well.¹ We cannot guess what will be the end of him ; whether he will be run by Germany, or assassinated, or deposed and left alone—

¹ "So far at least as the rulers of Bulgaria are concerned, it seems quite clear that they were animated by a simple motive, or, perhaps you may say, two simple motives, greed and fear. . . . When you are dealing with rulers of a certain type, greed and fear are great motives, powerful and, indeed, dominating motives. And I believe that no diplomacy on the part of the Allies would have sufficed to outweigh the simple fact that the rulers of Bulgaria thought that Germany and Austria were the winning Powers, and that they were the horses they ought to back—a great miscalculation, as doubtless some day they will find to their regret. But, remember, it was a deliberate calculation made upon such evidence as came before them. Partly, no doubt, what moved them was the temporary retirement of the forces of Russia before those of Germany, a retirement the strategic and military effect of which they entirely miscalculated and misunderstood."—Mr. Balfour's Speech at the Guildhall banquet, Nov. 9, 1915.

Not to die so much as slide out of life,
Pushed by the general horror and common hate
Low, lower,—left o' the very ledge of things.

It appears that King Ferdinand was bought by Germany so far back as last July. What will happen to him depends on what will happen during the next few months in Greece, Roumania, and Persia.

Here let us leave off guessing, and come back to the map of Europe. We shall be wanting a new one, after the War. To all statesmen and historians, to all geographers and geologists, and to all who understand mighty works of engineering, the map of Europe has a thousand meanings. Those of us who are children learn the map of Europe in a very primitive way. We learn it not as a living record of Nature and of mankind, but as a flat outlined sheet of paper, with a crowd of names all over it. We take it for granted, as we take for granted that twice two is four. We "make maps." To make a map, we have only to draw it, "fill in the chief cities," and paint the countries yellow, and pink, and green, with a cheerful edging of blue for the multitudinous laughter of the sea. By what forces of Nature the lines of rivers and lakes and mountains were made, by what forces of Man the frontier-lines of each nation were made, we neither know nor care. We are as innocent as the old lady who said that it was so good of Providence, always to put a river near a

large town. If only we can get the map of Europe to look tidy, free from blots and smudges and erasures, we hope to gain a prize for "map-making." That the map of Europe bears witness to the achievements of millions of years and millions of peoples : that the achievements are still going on, and the record of them is still being kept : that the final map of Europe, the map which will stay unchanged, has not yet been made, nor ever will be, so long as Nature and Man keep on plastering and modelling its lines and frontier-lines—all this we never think of thinking.

Out of many instances, how the history of Europe is written as it were in shorthand on the map of Europe, take two only, which concern the present War. One of them is the frontier-line between Germany and Denmark. Notice how Germany runs half-way up the Danish peninsula. That narrow quadrilateral territory, intended by Nature for the Danes, was wrested away, by Austria and Prussia, for the Germans. It is Schleswig-Holstein. For centuries, these two provinces were under Danish rule. In 1848 they broke away from it, but were brought back after three years of warfare. In 1863 came the second Schleswig-Holstein War, and in 1864 the German-Danish War, whereby Austria and Prussia got the two provinces from Denmark ; and in 1866, after Königgrätz, Prussia got them from Austria : to the humiliation of Denmark, and

to the anger of the English people, who in 1863 had welcomed that Danish princess who now is Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, and had all of them fallen deep in love with her. And what has Germany done with Schleswig-Holstein? Germany has cut the Kiel Canal through it, for her purposes in the present War.

Another instance of the significance of frontier-lines is afforded by Antwerp and the mouth of the Scheldt. By Nature, the whole coast from Zeebrugge to Antwerp, with the navigable stretch of the Scheldt up to Antwerp, was intended for Belgium. But Nature was not consulted over the settlement of affairs between Belgium and Holland : and this bit of coast belongs not to Belgium but to Holland. The control over the mouth of the Scheldt likewise belongs to Holland. Thus, last year, Holland being neutral territory, it was not possible for the British force, which was sent to help Antwerp, either to pass through this bit of coast, or to make use of the Scheldt. It would have been a violation of the neutrality of Holland. Moreover, after the fall of Antwerp, thousands of our men found their way, by mischance, into Dutch territory : and there, poor fellows, being an armed force in a neutral country, had to submit to internment, and are there still.

Surely, to set before our eyes, vividly, the risings and fallings of nations, and the shiftings of their frontier-lines, we might have a " film " of the map

of Europe. Of course it could be done. It would involve the drawing of a very long series of maps, each of them differing by a mere hair's-breadth from its predecessor in the series. Then the whole series would be photographed on one film a thousand feet long : and the photographs would be thrown on a screen at the rate of sixteen a second. The result would be a moving picture of the map of Europe. There is no difficulty in the way of making a diagram to move. The physiologists have a diagram of the circulation of the blood, in which the diagrammatic heart beats with amusing punctuality. Or think of the teaching of Euclid, what an opportunity is here. It would be easy, by means of films, to display the diagrams of Euclid constructing themselves, line upon line, all a-blowing and a-growing, while the mathematical master, in the dark, was conjuring them up. From A to B, a straight line, a really straight line, would push out across the screen, as it were by instinct, like a wheatstalk thrusting up from earth. With given centre and radius the accurate circle would come to life, revealing to the audience, by one steady swing round, its faultless excellence. How Euclid would have enjoyed it, to see his beloved diagrams, not drawn by irresolute hands with their lines crooked and their circles lop-sided, nor printed ready-made in books, but living and moving. Or take the diagrams of comparative statistics, those black columns that look like a competition of

factory chimneys, which shall be tallest. It would be pleasant to set the factory chimneys visibly racing up the screen.

But, most of all, it would be pleasant to see the map of Europe quickened into life : Europe of the Roman Empire, of Charlemagne's time, of the Crusades, of the Reformation, of the 'Thirty Years' War, of Napoleon's time, of today—one continuous picture of all the Europes. Names of nations would shine out and fade and give place to other names : frontier-lines would push and strive : colours would flow and blend. Coast-lines and rivers and lakes and mountains would stay unchanged : all other names and lines would stir and waver like trails of smoke.

This thousand-feet-long map, on the screen, would give us plenty to think of. But we can think just as well without it, if not better. And, in this War, many of us, looking at a map of Europe, have been thinking of the words spoken by Pitt a few days before he died. He was dying, partly from ill-health and exhaustion, partly from the shock of a sudden reverse to his Ministry, partly from the news of Napoleon's victory at Ulm. Then came the news of Austerlitz. It reached Pitt at Bath : and he went back to his house at Putney to die there. As he entered the house, on January 12, 1806, his eyes rested on a map of Europe which was hanging on the wall. *Roll up that map*, he said, *it will not be*

wanted these ten years. And, just before he died, he said, last of all, with a clear voice, *O my country ! how I leave my country.*

So passed Pitt. Cromwell and Napoleon yielded their breath amidst storms and tempests ; but no natural convulsion could equal the political cyclone that raged round that lonely bed at Putney. All Europe lay at the feet of the enemy. The monarchs whom Pitt had leagued together in a supreme alliance were engaged either in negotiation or in retreat. The Prussian minister, ready for either event, had also hurried to the conqueror's tent to secure his friendship and a share of the spoil. There was not the vestige of a barrier to oppose the universal domination of Napoleon, but the snows of Russia, and the British Channel.—Lord Rosebery's Life of Pitt.

Things look grave enough today : and they may look even graver before the end of the War. But there is no such impenetrable darkness as there was in 1805 ; for there is no Napoleon. We are waiting for the light, knowing that it will come. We live from day to day, guessing and talking ; knowing, all the time, that the darkness will pass and the light will come.

This is the last of these essays to go to press, out of reach of correction : and here is the last chance of making them worth reading. Surely the right way for that is to quote something written by somebody else. It must be something which will guide you toward careful and thoughtful study of the War : and it must be something which you and I can well understand and admire. Let us once more have the

help of Buchan's History. For, indeed, when I guide you to him, I do guide you to study the War as you ought. Strategy and politics and economics are all of them too hard for us well to understand : but we can understand, more or less, the men who are fighting for us. So I put here, out of a crowd of notable passages which are in Buchan's History, these, not only for guidance, but for confidence and thankfulness. It is his description of the French and British soldiers fighting side by side in the Western theatre of the War. If it does not fire your imagination, truly nothing will.

He begins by saying that, in times of Peace, the average Briton, and still more the average Frenchman, rather despise mere politicians, and the whole modern business of Government. Then he goes on—

“ But in war—war for dear life—all was changed. The State was no longer a knot of bungling officials with long tongues and deep pockets, but France, the lovely and eternal. Forgotten tales and traditions, old fragments of nursery rhymes, the dreams and emotions of boyhood, the memory of kin and home and friends, were fused in a conception of France, as a mother to die for, a queen to strive for, a goddess whom the humblest little *pioupiou* felt for ‘as a lover and a child.’ That is the happy gift of the French people. They may seem steeped in anti-nationalism, distracted with narrow class interests, sunk deep in matter, when suddenly the guns speak, and there

awakes a tempestuous affection, as simple as Joan of Arc's, as splendid as the dream of a crusader. It is another privilege of the race that they are not afraid of heroics. They believe in doing things finely, with the grand air. They have no self-consciousness. War is a new world where familiar conventions do not apply, and they rise to the height of its novelty. The *Marseillaise* becomes not an ordinary marching tune but a psalm of battle ; the tricolour is not a flag but the Ark of the Covenant. War is a high adventure, and the man who in normal times sold haberdashery in the Rue de Rivoli trailed a rifle in the Argonne woods with a wild poetry in his head. Again and again we find a touch of noble rhetoric in their deeds and speeches. They were gay after the traditional French manner, but it was not the stolid gaiety of good health and spirits, but a sister to fierce anger and first cousin to tears. . . . Some day a poet will arise to sing of these new armies of the Republic. They were different from any that had gone before, different from Napoleon's troops intoxicated with dreams of glory, or the puzzled levies of 1870. They were an armed nation, with every class and condition in their ranks. . . .

"The British soldier was psychologically a world apart. In normal times he was more political than the Frenchman, more interested in his Government, and he had perhaps a more ready consciousness of the nation as something above and beyond ordinary

things. He was always prepared to back his own side, as he would do in a football match ; and 'his own side,' though he never tried to define it, was in a dim sort of way a conception of Britain. Hence the War worked no very startling revolution in his point of view. He was a professional man-at-arms, and war meant simply a busy period for his profession and a good deal of overtime. He fought, therefore, partly out of professional pride, partly from a natural love of adventure, and partly from loyalty to his 'side.' . . . The British regular went to war as a matter of everyday business, and he considered it his duty to turn the most desperate affair into something homely and familiar. War was not to him a new world, and he did not see why because of it he should forego his ordinary tastes and habits. So we find him under heavy fire, discussing hotly the merits of his favourite football team, and playing games in his scanty leisure. . . .

"He was a hopeless puzzle to his enemies. He was a being who seemed without seriousness, who never talked about glory or his country, who rather prided himself on professing a dislike for war, who behaved, when he was allowed, as if he were in a garrison town at home, and yet who proved resistless in attack and unshakable in defence. Was he merely a capable hireling, an efficient mercenary? If so, how by all the laws of history should he be able to stand against single-hearted patriots? The answer

is that he was the best of patriots ; but he was a Briton, and had his own way of showing it. He was naturally shy of heroics. The German soldier went into battle with his songs about the Rhine and his fatherland. The British soldier could not do that to save his life—he would have felt a fool or a play-actor. . . .

“The British soldier is deeply humorous in War, and his character therein is precisely his character in peace. It is no high-strung gaiety, but ordinary good spirits and a talent for farce. He is profoundly inventive in language, with a gift of ridiculous nomenclature which takes the worst edge off his hardships. Humour and soundness of heart make up sportsmanship, and he is nothing if not a good sportsman. We see this in his attitude towards the enemy. He has none of that childish venom of hate which seems to have been regarded in Germany as the proper spirit in which to fight battles. He respected his enemy, and would allow no one to cry down his fighting value. ‘A bad, black lot, no doubt,’ said a Scots soldier of the Germans, ‘but no the ones opposite us. They’re verra respectable men, and grand fighters.’ The dreary business of trench warfare was relieved by practical jokes upon the enemy, and much chaffing, to which he frequently replied in the same spirit. A famous Berlin clown in the German trenches occasionally went through performances amid the applause of both sides. A

certain German sniper with a completely bald head was preserved by one battalion as a keeper preserves a rare hybrid, and when they were moved to another part of the front they left instructions to their successors that the old fellow was not to be killed. Outposts have always fraternized to some extent—they did it in the Peninsula and in the Crimea—and the close contact of the lines led to the extraordinary truce of Christmas Day. Probably it was connived at by the commanders on both sides, for some of our trenches were nearly flooded out, and the Germans had much timbering to do. In the French part of the field there was little of this fraternizing. They had wrongs to avenge, too many and too deep for these amenities of war. Had the British been holding lines in the Midlands, with a wasted East Anglia before them, there would have been little inclination to exchange courtesies with the enemy."

These passages were written early in the year : and things have since happened which make it hard for us to think of our enemies as "verra respectable men." We hear stories from eye-witnesses of gross cruelty inflicted on prisoners, and on the wounded. These stories keep coming in. Happily, there are many stories of a very different sort. Our hatred of Germany does not live on what we know to the discredit of her men of the rank and file: for we know a great deal that is to their credit. The vast majority of them are respectable men, and grand

fighters : and we must not stop on horrors and overlook virtues. But the fact remains, that every month of the War deepens our hatred of Germany. It is idle to hunt for another name for our feelings. We have tried honestly to be fair : we have praised where we could. Take one instance. The captain of the Emden behaved like a gentleman : he played the game : and we praised him up to the skies as a pattern of chivalry. All that is admirable in Germany—all patriotism, efficiency, industrial organization, unity, endurance—we have admired : all that is enviable, we have envied. We have tried hard to be fair. They call us a nation of hypocrites. We have many sins to answer for : but never did one nation judge another with less haste, less venom, less hypocrisy. From the invasion of Belgium down to this latest horror, German or Austrian, the shelling and sinking of the Ancona with its cargo of helpless drowning women and children, we have tried to judge fairly. The elaborate systems of graduated lying, the bullying insolence, lapses into savagery, tearing-up of promises—all these we have judged. And the end of it all is that more and more, as the months go on, we are utterly determined to pour out life and money to exhaustion, sooner than let Germany get hold of Europe. Oh, we have our sins : and to read some of our newspapers nowadays, with their vulgar sensational attacks on the Government, you would think that we were in a very bad

way. But the War will be decided on other lines than that. Indeed, as a matter of fact—for all matters of faith, if they are true, as this one is, are matters of fact—it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be decided, *in excelsis*, altogether apart from the unfolding of its events in order of time. We know, not merely think, but know, that the ultimate decency of things, which is eternal, is on the side of the Allies.

One more word, to mend a bad hole in these essays. Nothing has been said, or next to nothing, of the work that is being done by women. So soon as the War came, the fight for Votes for Women was immediately declared off. It was no trivial or easy sacrifice, thus to put aside a great hope, within sight of its fulfilment. From that day to this, your countrywomen, rich and poor alike, have given to the War their money, their talents, their manual skill, their time and their strength, and some of them their lives. There is no measure to their desire to be of use. Legions of them, disciplined and organized, are doing men's work, that the men may be set free for active service. Consider, what a difficult problem will have to be resolved after the War. How will it be possible, when our men come home, to restore the old order of things? Who will be able to put back into "feminine employments" these legions of women who now are doing men's work, and are doing it so well? It is like the story in the Arabian

Nights, of the fisherman who unsealed the wine-jar, and out came the genie, and would not be put back again. This difficulty will require thinking-out, after the War. But no amount of thinking-out will prevent it : and the competition between men and women will probably be very hard after the War, much harder than it was in the years that are gone.

IX

LOOKING BACK

WE are so cheated by words, that we talk of looking back over our past, as we talk of looking back down a road along which we have come. But the inanimate road, the line of earth and hedges, which we drew as we walked, stays where we left it. All that we know of it is, that if we turn round we shall see it again. We have done with it, and it with us. But we have not done with our past. What has been, runs on into what is : we leave none of all our yesterdays behind us.

Since August 1914, we have lived and are living in that strangest of all possible worlds, a world whose dream has suddenly come true : and some of us have not yet recovered from the bewilderment of this experience.

Imagine—it would be a good subject for a play—that a young man, with money to waste, goes to a palmist, for the fun of the thing, and has his fortune

told.¹ A long series of adventures and misadventures is prophesied to him : successes and failures, joys and sorrows, are predicted, in that order in which they will occur : and he laughs, and pays, and forgets. Then it all begins to come true: point by point, month after month, in that exact sequence which was declared to him across a table by a woman looking at the palm of his hand. What will he do now, and whither shall he flee? His old familiar taken-for-granted world has played him false. His world, whose motto was *Ne confundar in aeternum*, is no longer a proper place either for God or for man. He is at a loss whether to stay in it and see things through, or to put himself out of it. Duty bids him stay : but his passionate desire is to get clean away, by death, from living in a world gone mad.

Take, for another instance, the case of Dr. Lanyon: and if you do not already know it, you ought. Dr. Lanyon saw, with his own eyes, the transformation of Mr. Hyde into Dr. Jekyll. That was enough for him. No decent man could wish to have any further dealings with a world where such things could be. He took to his bed, and died quietly in it : he had seen an act of black magic,

¹ Palmists, truly, are devoid of the love of science : for they will not study the lines on the soles of our feet, which are no less prophetic than the lines on the palms of our hands. Nor will they study the lines on the paws of apes : doubtless because the apes are not in a position to pay the usual fee. But many revelations of unexpected nuts and bananas, leadings into captivity, and partnerships with fair-haired apes or dark-haired apes, are waiting to be read at the Zoological Gardens.

and would not stay in life after that. The world had ceased to be a place for a gentleman : and he courteously took leave of it.

This impulse, or instinct, to escape from a world turned upside down, is not mere fright. Black magic of evil, or overwhelming miracle of goodness, it is all one. If somebody whom I love were to die, and then, by a miracle, were brought to life again, I should want to run away and kill myself. My world would be over. My world and I took each other, for better for worse, on the understanding that nothing of that sort should happen. Now, it has happened : and I would rather leave off happening—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable—

I would rather not stay in a world so much too large for me.

Something of this effect is produced, in some of us, by the War : but it is crossed and sweetened by the happiness of being of use. Work done for the War tightens our hold on life : thought spent on the War loosens our hold on life. The world suddenly has become too large for us : the day's events are too stupendous, the issues at stake are too grave, the extent and scale of each move are too monstrous. We go about our jobs, not frightened, nor overborne by pity, either of ourselves or for

others, but dazed. For the last fifteen months we have been trying to live up to the War, to enlarge our thoughts into proportion with the War : and we cannot. The capacity of our minds is what it was before the War ; but the world has grown : so that we might now as well try to put our arms round the dome of St. Paul's as to keep that comprehensive hold on life which we had when our world was of the size which we take in worlds.

Nothing can be better for us than to be thus confounded. For we had been behaving, some of us, as if we were on thrones : we find now that they were not thrones but baby-chairs, into which we were strapped, to prevent us from tumbling out. This world has gone beyond us. It has lifted up its voice against our voices, its power against our powers, its will against our wills : and we can only congratulate each other that so much is left of us. I have in mind not those who are fighting for their country, nor those who are occupied in hard and urgent work every day and all day long, but the multitude of the less fortunate, who have no such refuge from their thoughts, and the War beats on every door and window of their house of life. They long to be of more use : and many of them have given to the War lives more dear to them than their own. The War has broken in pieces like a potter's vessel that world which they were taking care of : and they turn over in their memories what has happened, as if they were

turning over in their hands the fragments of a porcelain bowl. They are sure that "things will mend": but they doubt whether they will live to see things mended.

Looking back, they—or we, or I, or whatever may be the right pronoun—remember well Monday, Bank Holiday, August 3, 1914.¹ In the Cathedral of Orvieto there is a wall-painting, by Signorelli, of the Day of Judgment. Angels in the sky call the dead out of their graves, and they rise: and one of them, a young man, standing a little apart from the confusion of the general awakening, plants his feet firm on the earth, and folds his arms, and looks steadily at the angels, as if he were saying to himself, *Now!* His own record and fate are a matter of indifference to him: he sees this only, that the Day of Judgment is really happening: it will bring him the result of himself, but he has no time to think of himself: he is lost in wonder. That is how we

¹ "The week-end—Friday 31st July to Tuesday 4th August—was such as no one then living had ever spent. For so widespread a sense of foundations destroyed and a world turned topsy-turvy we must go back to the days of the French Revolution. In Britain the markets went to pieces, the Bank rate rose to 10 per cent on the Saturday, and the Stock Exchange was closed. Monday 3rd August was a Bank Holiday, the strangest in the memory of man. An air of great and terrible things impending impressed the most casual visitor. Crowds hung about telegraph offices and railway stations; men stood in the street in little groups; there was not much talking, but many spells of tense silence. The country was uneasy. It had no desire for war; it suddenly realised the immensity of the crisis; but it was in terror of a dishonourable peace. The sigh of relief which went up after Sir Edward Grey's speech on the Monday, from men who stood to lose most by the conflict, showed how deep had been the anxiety."—Buchan's *History*, chap. i.

felt, though we looked most unlike the Orvieto picture, on Monday, August 3, 1914. The Day, suddenly, was here : the dream was come true. And remember, as long as you live, that our fear was lest the Government should not be equal to the occasion. For we said, If the Government cannot allay civil strife in Ireland, nor even stop the suffragettes from setting fire to parish churches, how will it abide the Day of His Coming? The Government, we said : for the man in the street loves to think that he "does not trust the Government." We did not have to wait long to know that we could trust the Government : we had Sir Edward Grey's speech in the papers that evening. They say that the House of Commons, while he was speaking, was a sight never to be forgotten ; that His Majesty's Ministers bore the mark of the frightful strain of anxiety and overwork which they had been suffering ; and that one of them, covering his face with his hands, broke down. That night, a vast crowd outside Buckingham Palace shouted and cheered for the King and the Queen ; such a whirlwind of cheering as will be heard again when the War is over. But all the noise and excitement of London's loyalty were as nothing, compared with the loyalty of Ireland.

For the long conflict over Home Rule had brought our nation, at last, face to face with Civil War in Ireland. Armed and drilled, Ulstermen against

Nationalists, Protestants against Catholics, Ireland had reached that point at which any haphazard encounter might bring about Civil War. The Curragh Camp incident had put us in terror of what might come next. And behold, what came next was War between Austria and Servia. With that thunderclap, and with Germany reckoning on the Irish peril, Ulstermen and Nationalists would no more fight among themselves than would the dead just out of their graves in the Orvieto picture. When the storm which broke over Servia came rushing toward our country, the Irish people gave up, till the end of the War, their internal strife. In the House of Commons that Monday, after Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Bonar Law had spoken, Mr. John Redmond spoke as leader of the Nationalists. He took up Sir Edward Grey's words, which had been loudly cheered: "The one bright spot in the whole of this terrible situation is Ireland." He said that he hoped that the House would not consider it improper for him to intervene at this crisis: that Sir Edward Grey's words had deeply moved him:—

I say to the Government that they may to-morrow withdraw every one of their troops from Ireland. I say that the coasts of Ireland will be defended from foreign invasion by her own sons; and for this purpose armed Nationalist Catholics in the South will be only too glad to join arms with the armed Protestant Ulstermen in the North.

Thus, against all the reckonings of our enemies,

the day which brought us War with Germany took from us the fear of Civil War in Ireland. After that, we felt able to endure anything.

But how can any man look back over more than four hundred days, each of them so crowded with passionate hopes and fears, and with huge events? All that I can do here is to write what comes into my head, and leave it at that. And what comes first, as it were by chance, is thankfulness for the work done for the Navy and the Army in this War by our doctors and nurses. The complete medical and surgical history of the War is already in preparation, and will some day be published : and it will be a fine record of good achievement. Never in any War have the results in medicine, preventive medicine, surgery, nursing, sanitation, and general care for the health and fitness of our men, been so successful as they are now. Think not only of our wounded in the hospitals and convalescent homes in our own country, and in the base-hospitals and field-hospitals and dressing-stations in France : send out your thought all the way to Malta, Alexandria, the Persian Gulf, India, and Africa. Think what it means, that English doctors and nurses are working not only for our own wounded, but for many of the Allies' wounded : that they are working in Servia : that they have stamped out typhus fever there : that there are methods of protective treatment against cholera, typhoid fever, wound-infection, and lockjaw :

that among our millions of men there have been no widespread outbreaks of epidemic disease : that the proportion of the wounded who recover is so high as it is.¹ Some of our doctors and nurses have died at their work, or have been killed in action : but their work is undying. Do not think of them as concerned only with practical surgery and nursing : a vast amount of purely scientific work is also done, at the base-hospitals and by means of motor-laboratories, to study all the causes and conditions of those infective diseases which would scourge our men if the Army were not so well guarded by its men of science.

With thankfulness for the work of the Medical Services, and the conjoined work of the Red Cross Society and the St. John's Ambulance Association, comes thankfulness for the work of the Army Service Corps. Never before has the supply of provisions and stores of all kinds for the bodily needs and comfort of our men been so steadily maintained : and the name of the Army Service Corps is honoured by every one of us. And as we are thankful for the supply of our men's bodily needs so we are thankful for the supply of their spiritual needs, by the good work of the Army chaplains, helped by the work of many

¹ Take one instance. At Revigny, near Bar-le-Duc, and well within sound of the guns, there is a little English hospital, the Urgency Cases Hospital, for French wounded. It takes only those who are severely wounded : many of them very severely wounded. It has received altogether 1006 patients : and of these only 40 have died : that is, only 4 per cent.

societies of religion. All this, and much more, is done for the Army by the Army. But which of us does nothing? Think of the thousands of tons of gifts, and the subscription lists which run into millions without stopping, and the universal piling-up of mountains of bandages and dressings and knitted things, and the incessant arrangements for concerts and clubs and books and newspapers. Looking back, I see every day of the War loaded up with work done, not for money but for love, by innumerable legions of us, till it appears like a travelling van on a country road, hung all over with useful articles. And, as we love to work for the War, so we bear willingly our share of the cost of the War. Every day the cost of it to our nation is more than £4,500,000. Part of this appalling sum is raised by taxation of our earnings, our belongings, and our food : and we bear this taxation, I will not say proudly, for there is nothing to be proud of, but with a good-natured shrug of the shoulders, and with a grin which is all that the Chancellor of the Exchequer could wish it to be : and we tell each other that he is the right man in the right place, and what have we to grumble at, we who by the infinite mercy of God are safe from the horrors of a German invasion?

For this we know, that if the Germans had been able to surprise, and for a time to hold, any part of our coast, they would have done there, while they could, what they did in Belgium. If they could have

devised anything worse than the damnable brutality let loose against the Belgians, they would have let it loose against the English. Therefore, all words fall short of saying what we owe to the Fleet. Its wearisome, swift, perilous vigilance, day and night, through unimaginable hardships, has been the saving of us. From time to time comes news of the Fleet, news of loss or of victory : then, silence again, so that we are tempted, some of us, even to forget the Fleet, as we forget the air that we breathe. It has in its keeping not only our national welfare, but the liberties of Europe : it protects our homes, ensures our food-supply, safeguards our transports : it has driven the enemy off the seas, crippled his fighting strength, sunk his submarines, held up his commerce, and attacked him at every opportunity of attack. To give thanks for the Fleet, let us neither sit nor stand, but go down on our knees : and stay there till we have likewise given thanks for the Army : and when we have done that, as best we can, still we are only at the beginning of our thanksgiving, not at the end of it, nor anywhere near the end. For, beyond and beyond all that we can think or imagine of the spirit and the deeds of our Navy and our Army, rise the *flammantia moenia*, the encompassing splendour of Dominion and Commonwealth and Colony, the unity of the Empire at War—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Egypt, South Africa, India. Read Buchan's History, that fourth chapter, "The

Muster of the British Empire," one of the best things ever written :

The effect upon the people of Britain of this amazing rally of the Empire was a sense of an immense new comradeship which brought tears to the eyes of the least emotional. For, consider what it meant. Geographically it brought under one banner the trapper of Athabasca, the stockman of Victoria, the Dutch farmer from the back veld, the tribesman from the Khyber, the gillie from the Scottish hills, and the youth from a London back street. Racially it united Mongol and Aryan, Teuton and Celt ; politically it drew to the side of the Canadian democrat the Indian feudatory whose land was still mediaeval ; spiritually it joined Christianity in all its forms with the creeds of Islam, Buddha, Brahma, and a thousand little unknown gods. The British Empire had revealed itself at last as that wonderful thing for which its makers had striven and prayed—a union based not upon statute and officialdom, but upon the eternal simplicities of the human spirit. . . . And what shall we say of the effect of this muster upon our allies across the Channel ? We can learn dimly from the French papers the profound impression it made upon an imaginative people. No longer, as in 1870, did France stand alone. The German armies might be thundering at her gates, and the fields of Belgium soaked in blood, but the avenger was drawing nigh. The uncounted man-power of the British Empire was beating to arms, and the ends of the earth were hastening to her aid.

It is more than a year since this passage was written. If we set ourselves to follow, through the past fifteen months, the separate record in the War of any one of the nations of the Empire, we might begin to have some faint idea of what the Empire is, and of the spirit which makes it what it is. But I

think that it would be a long time before we should get up from our knees. For we should be asking ourselves, What am I doing to deserve it all? But our blessings, happily for us, do not wait for us to deserve them; or they might have to wait for ever. They are not awarded to us like prizes after an examination. And you and I no more deserve the British Empire than we deserve the stars.

Still, if we think, so far as we can, of "the nation as a whole"—what a phrase!—we can truly say that the War has indeed examined us. It has tested the nation through and through: it has turned the nation's mind and abilities inside out. And Heaven be praised, the nation has passed this terrible fifteen months' examination with credit; has given the right sort of answers; and has got, if not a prize, at least a certificate.

Only, it lost marks, here and there, during the examination. How many it lost, none of us exactly knows: for each of us has but a glimpse of all that is to be seen. But we know that in the earlier months of the War there was a terrible amount of drunkenness: not only among men, and even among men working at munitions of war, but among women who were receiving separation allowances because their husbands were with the Army. The strikes—though a strike may of itself be absolutely right, in this or that case—had a very dark and shameful side

to them.¹ The continuance of our national amusements was defended with rather insolent disregard of the world's tragedy. The stupid phrase, "Business as usual," was turned to the purposes of advertisement and of money-making as usual. And some of us went on playing the fool with our lives: it was as if some of the dead in the Orvieto picture were saying that they could not be bothered, and would not get out of their graves for any Day of Judgment. Things are better now: but the nation did lose marks by these faults: and some of the marks lost were lives lost at the front. It was horrible to feel that men at the front were raging, and all Germany was rejoicing, over the strikes: it gave a new and most evil meaning to Lowell's line, *We rather seem the dead that stay behind*. Things are better now. Last July, they seemed at their worst, with the coal strike in South Wales, and 200,000 miners idle. It was over in less than a week: but it was declared at the very time when Russia was falling back and back in retreat before the German and Austrian armies. This double peril to the success of the Allies was a great shock to the nation, and made it resolute to keep from further ill-use the power of the people.

¹ "We are fighting Germany, Austria, and drink: and as far as I can see, the greatest of these three deadly foes is drink." Speech by Mr. Lloyd George, March 29, 1915. And a month earlier, speaking at Bangor of the hindrance, by strikes, to the output of munitions of war, he said, "It is intolerable that the lives of Britons should be imperilled for a matter of a farthing an hour."

But you, when you begin to study the War, will not begin with these home troubles. The retreat from Mons, Charleroi, the Marne, the Aisne, La Bassée, Neuve Chapelle, Ypres, will come first ; and the North Sea, and the Dardanelles, and Gallipoli ; and the long and splendid record of your country's aerial warfare : and the record of the achievements by land and sea of Greater Britain : and still you will be only just beginning to begin to study the War. For the histories of other nations in the War are waiting for you to read them : and the history of this War is the history of the world.

But when your imagination fails, as it certainly will, to apprehend the history of the world, and the bewildering fullness of every day of the War, you may find yourself more able to read of home politics and home affairs, and of what we said and thought, who stayed behind. We have had more to think of than to suffer. We are in mourning, legions of us : but in that mourning there is a touch of deathless pride. Many of us have been hard hit by the War : but not many of us have been altogether ruined. The German naval raid on the Yorkshire coast, in December 1914, and the many Zeppelin raids, have destroyed lives : but they have not been of any military use to Germany, and they have strengthened our will to see things through to the end. We have been spectators of fifteen months of tragedy : but we have not despised nor misused the relief of

comedy and of laughter when they drifted our way. All that we could bear lightly—the censorship, the hindrances to our comfort, the restriction of our holidays, the darkening of our streets—all these we have borne as lightly as we could ; and have said to each other, over and over again, Bless my soul, what does it matter, when you think of what other people have to suffer ? Looking back, from a narrow outlook—but whose outlook is wide enough to take-in everything ?—we are sure that we have gained ground in those virtues which are the making of a nation. And we have gained it by the help of our daily ignorance of what was going to happen next. If, on that first Monday in August 1914, we had foreseen the heaviness of the fifteen months ; or if we could foresee, now, what further miseries the War will bring us ; would our courage stand that ? Truly, in this War, one of the greatest of all our blessings is our inability to know what is ahead of us.

This protective ignorance, when the War began, enabled many of us to believe that it would soon be over. Also, it beguiled us into saying that the Russian Army would advance like a steam-roller : and it beguiled us into believing—and here is a very curious instance of the “ psychology of the crowd ”—that a Russian expeditionary force had come from Archangel, round the North Cape, to the coast of Scotland, and through England to France. Every one of us seemed to know somebody who knew

somebody who had seen these Russians, whole trains full of them, passing through England with all proper secrecy. We encouraged each other, for many weeks, with these imaginary Russians. And when we had at last to give them up, we consoled ourselves with the tremendous business of lodging and feeding the Belgian refugees.

Our country has received about a million Belgian refugees. Out of the hell which the German Army was making of their country, they escaped to us. At first, it was fairly easy to arrange for them. Then, in October, came the fall of Antwerp.

Some day, doubtless, the history will be written of the Belgian refugees in our country : and a very notable book it will be. Meanwhile, read Buchan's account (chap. xxiv.) of the flight from Antwerp, Oct. 7 and 8, 1914 :—

Antwerp, on the morning of the 7th, contained little short of half a million people ; for the inhabitants of the neighbouring districts had flocked to it for refuge. By the evening, a quarter of a million had gone : by the next night, the place was as solitary as a desert. Half at least went by water. The quay sides were packed with frantic crowds, carrying household goods on their backs and in their hands, and struggling for places on any kind of raft that could keep afloat. Tramps, ferries, dredgers, trawlers, pleasure-yachts, steam-launches, fishing-boats, and even rafts were put in use. There was desperate confusion, for there were no police ; and vessels, sunk almost to the water-line with a weight of humanity, lay for hours in the stream till the actual bombardment began. . . .

The exodus was even more terrible by land. Many crossed

the Scheldt by the bridge of boats and the ferries, and fled to Ghent ; but most took the road where the tramways ran to the Dutch frontier and Bergen-op-Zoom. This little town, which has only 16,000 inhabitants in normal times, received in these days at least 200,000 exiles ; and it says much for the patient kindness of the Dutch people that somehow or other food and shelter were forthcoming. Most of the refugees had been too hurried to provide themselves with provisions, and many fell weary and famished by the wayside. Infants were prematurely born, and the sick and the old died from exposure. Women, who had been delicately nurtured, ate raw turnips and potatoes from the fields. . . .

The world has never before seen such a migration of a people or such an emptying of a great city. It recalls the time when a King of Babylon carried Israel captive to eat the bread of sorrow by foreign streams, or those doings of ancient conquerors when they moved the inhabitants of a conquered town to some new site, and razed and sowed with salt the old foundations. But those were affairs of little places and small numbers, and this involved half a million souls and one of the proudest cities in Europe. . . . Some day the world, when its imagination has grown quicker, will find the essence of war not in gallant charges and heroic stands, but in those pale women dragging their pitiful belongings through the Belgian fields in the raw October night. When that day comes the tumult and the shouting will die, and the kings and captains depart on nobler errands.¹

¹ Mr. Buchan quotes the account, from Mr. Powell's *Fighting in Flanders*, of the exodus along the road to Ghent : " I saw women of fashion in fur coats and high-heeled shoes staggering along, clinging to the rails of the caissons or to the ends of wagons. I saw white-haired men and women grasping the harness of the gun-teams or the stirrup-leathers of the troopers, who, themselves exhausted from many days of fighting, slept in their saddles as they rode. I saw springless farm-wagons literally heaped with wounded soldiers with piteous white faces ; the bottoms of the wagons leaked and left a trail of blood behind them. . . . The confusion was beyond imagination, the clamour deafening ; the rattle of wheels, the throbbing of motors, the clatter of hoofs, the cracking

With the fall of Antwerp came a rush of work for us. Folkestone, for instance, was almost overwhelmed by refugees : and the offices of the Belgian Relief Committee in London were a memorable sight. Our towns and villages put their backs into the work : gifts of money and of hospitality, a whole flood of them, met the flood of bewildered and unhappy foreigners. Public buildings, schools, empty houses, were turned into hostelrys : there was a population of near 3000 refugees among the faded scenery of the Earl's Court Exhibition. Some of us "took Belgians," others ran hostels, others did organizing and administrative work. "Blindness to the future, kindly given, that each may fill the circle marked by Heaven," enabled both the Belgians and us to believe that the spring of 1915 would see the end of the accursed German occupation of their country. Meanwhile, we likened their coming over to the coming over of the Huguenot weavers, and said that they would teach us the intensive cultivation of small holdings, and the art of lace-making. It was a curious mixture of tragedy and comedy : bits of uphill work, occasional disappointments, odd misunderstandings : not all our million guests have been heroic figures. Imagine, if you can, the sudden

of whips, the curses of the drivers, the groans of the wounded, the cries of women, the whimpering of children, threats, pleadings, oaths, screams, imprecations, and always the monotonous shuffle, shuffle, of countless weary feet." It was even worse along the road to Bergen-op-Zoom by which the poorest and the weakest of the people fled.

pouring of a million fugitive English, all sorts and conditions of us, into Belgium : there would be some strange tales to be heard of both sides. But indeed there is no merit in what we did : and if we had left it undone, we should have been curs. The Belgian Army had done more for us than the most that we could do for the Belgian refugees. And, though they have not taught us intensive gardening nor lace-making, they have taught us what we more needed to learn.

Next to the German atrocities in Belgium, nothing more vividly illuminated the meaning of German "frightfulness" than the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Of that work of the devil, and of others like it, you will judge for yourself, whether the world can forgive them. But the remembrance of them needs not to be written here : for it is not possible that you should fail to study them, as part of the history of the War. You are more likely to neglect the study of the administrative and political affairs of your country. The raising of "Kitchener's Armies," the amendment of the Defence of the Realm Act, the detection of spies and the rounding-up of aliens, the creation of a Ministry of Munitions, the employment of women for munitions work, the War Loan, the creation of the Coalition Ministry, the Registration Act, and the increasing demand for some measure of compulsory service, and the opposition to that demand—all these will be part and parcel of your studies. And

as you read, you will find it hard to disengage the truth from the web of talk which has been spun over it by some of us. Gossip and wild falsehood grow apace in war time : and the only destroyer for these weeds is loyalty, reverence, and everlasting patience. Loyalty to the Government, who have borne, these fifteen months, a burden of unimaginable weight : loyalty, above all, to him who is above them all, to the King. Who of us works harder ? Who of us has lost more friends ? Who of us has done more than give his sons to the service of their country ? *Domine, Salvum fac Regem.* Look back where you will, through all the blinding vision of the War, you will see loyalty shaping your country's destiny, like the Spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters. And—if it may be said without impertinence—nothing, in all our present circumstances, is of its kind more significant, or of happier augury for your world which is coming, than the contrast between our King and the German Emperor, and the contrast between our Prince of Wales and the German Crown Prince.

Here is wishing you joy of your world. But the older folk, who have had their world, are not covetous of yours. They desire to see the end of the War ; but no more sight-seeing after that. *Believe it, the sweetest Canticle is Nunc Dimittis ; when a Man hath obtained worthy Ends and Expectations.* And these we may well hope to obtain on the day of the signing of the terms of Peace.

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